CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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The Beaver

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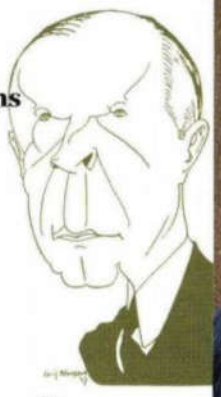

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The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Blacked Jack attacked

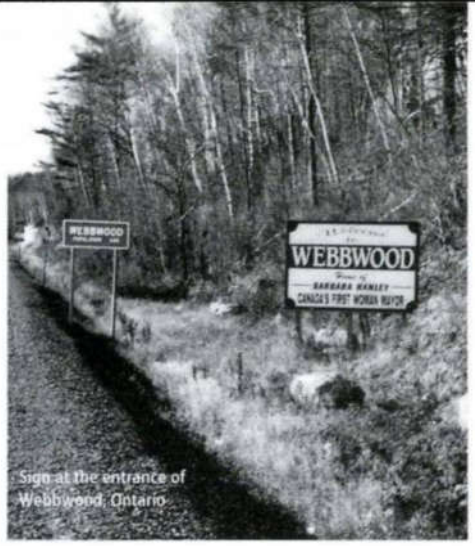
As a long-time subscriber to the *Beaver*, I have been entertained and informed by some severe critiques and animated controversies. But I cannot recall reading a hatchet job such as Peter Unwin visited upon Jack Miner [October/November 2001]. It seemed to be motivated as much by an anti-Christian spirit as by a bent for historical inquiry.

In pursuit of his aim to totally discredit this recipient of the Order of the British Empire, Mr. Unwin elevates his personal opinion above *Maclean's* magazine, the mayor of Detroit, a Toronto professor, *Collier's* magazine, Henry Ford, the *Toronto Daily Star*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Without a doubt, Jack Miner was a flawed human being. Much more flawed than Peter Unwin, apparently. Obviously, he was less educated, was not as sophisticated, was the product of an earlier Canadian culture, and was probably disadvantaged in other ways. He most certainly was not politically correct by today's standards. So? He took a strong public stand on sexual morality. Had that morality persisted, how much worse off would the nation be today? He gave his personal faith a very high profile. This is not de rigueur in today's Canada of course. At the recent memorial service [for victims of September 11] in Ottawa there was not mention of faith. But Dr. Billy Graham was invited to preach to the entire nation at the memorial service in the U.S.A.

"There he stands," observes one writer, "true, clean, and wholesome." An assertion which seemingly countless persons who knew him personally, or interviewed him, agreed with.

Stewart Liddell
Lacombe, Alberta



Sign at the entrance of Webbwood, Ontario

Canada's very first woman mayor

Your October/November 2001 issue, page 5, "Take the Day Off," refers to the election in October 1951 of Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa as Canada's first woman to become a mayor. But here in northern Ontario, we recognize the very first woman mayor in Canada as Barbara Hanley, mayor of Webbwood, Ontario from 1936–1944. When she became mayor, the Toronto papers paid much attention to her. She was interviewed by *Chatelaine* magazine in 1937 and won international acclaim when the New York papers added her name to their list of fourteen most outstanding women that year.

Jacqueline L. Dysart
Laurentian University
Sudbury, Ontario

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Getting it straight . . . er, strait

Regarding the October/November 2001 Booknotes column, page 50: the spelling of "Georgia Straight" (Strait): I have been correcting this for about thirty years, and it has become a game to see how often my editorial eyes can find it. This started in the late '60s and into the '70s when a newspaper for the unorthodox hippies of the time called *The Georgia Straight* was started in Vancouver (it still thrives). Most young people and students read it. Soon, we in the UBC Geography Department realized that many of our students were spelling the bodies of B.C. coastal waters called "straits" as "straights," because that was how their newspaper spelled it. This went on for years, but faded as new generations came on. And then I began to find this spelling in other media as those former "hippies" became part of the establishment as writers and editors. I used to find it every few months in the *Vancouver Sun* newspaper, at least twice in past years in *Maclean's*, and even recently in *Canadian Geographic*. I smile to myself and say, "There is one of Vancouver's hippies of the '70s."

Now, to whom do I attribute this spelling error in the *Beaver*? Was it the author of *Island Timber*, R.S. Mackie; or was it the reviewer of that book, C. Raible . . . or, heaven forbid, is the editor of the *Beaver* one of those infamous Vancouver hippies who never learned that there was a geographical spelling of Straight?!

J. Lewis Robinson
Professor of Geography, UBC (retired)
Vancouver, British Columbia

Chris Raible responds:
"The error was mine, totally mine – my proofreader wife is chagrined as well, but we cannot be excused as 'Vancouver hippies.' The author and editors of *Inland Timber* have it right: Strait of Georgia." As to the editor of the *Beaver*? A former Winnipeg, not Vancouver, hippie, who was well aware of Canada's foremost alternative newspaper.

Extreme skiing

Your readers might be interested in what may be a Canadian or Red Birds response to George Jost's unorthodox victory in the Roberts of Kandahar race as related in "The Crazy Canucks of '33" [December 2001/January 2002].

The British Ski Year Book of 1935 contains an extensive article on "Skiing in North America," by Harry Pangman. In it he notes: "A still further development, or my English readers may think it a deterioration, is in the Red Birds' all around championship held throughout the winter when, as an addition to the above four events (slalom, downhill, langlauf and jumping), a 'bushwhack' race is held. This consists of a wild dash down through the heaviest possible bush in that part of the country [the Laurentians]. Anything is allowed, swinging from trees, pole-riding or tobogganing."

It's too bad we won't be seeing this exciting event at Salt Lake City this winter.

John Low
Mansfield, Ontario

Alternate roads to Ottawa

While it would be lovely to get out of the ghastly Liberal rut we're in, the proportional representation solution ["Explorations," December 2001/January 2002] somehow doesn't sound very exciting. There was an item in the paper recently about how successful the new French system was, whereby you had your election, then a week later a runoff election between the top two candidates, thereby eliminating all the ragtag and bobtail. Another idea is preferential voting, whereby you mark your ballot with first and second choice, which should eliminate anomalies whereby the first-past-the-post candidate wins a big majority.

Edward Ross
Ottawa, Ontario

Emma lives!

Mark Reynolds's historical look at the Emma Lake workshops [December 2001/January 2002] gives the impression that the workshops have ended. Although they were discontinued temporarily, a private workshop offered by Bob Christie in 2000 was so successful that the Emma Lake Artists' Workshops were renewed in 2001 and are attracting a new and energetic young audience. The campus – renamed Emma Lake Kenderdine Campus in 1989 in honour of Gus Kenderdine – continues to be the ideal location for artists' workshops, residencies, and courses. The campus, happily, is in a period of program and site revitalization and offers a slate of university arts, retreat, and research programming. Moreover it has become the campus of choice for programs offered by a variety of nonuniversity arts groups.

Kate Hobin, Director
Community Arts Program & Emma Lake
Kenderdine Campus
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Colour blind

Re: "Anatomy of a Rescue" [June/July 2001]: I am the African-American sailor that spoke up when the ladies washing my body noted my complexion and hair texture. Amazingly, the knowledge that I was a black man failed to dictate or even influence the treatment I received. They not only saved my life, but they changed it radically by demonstrating their ability to treat me as a human being. This event was the first (and really one of only a few) times in my life that white people treated me the same as they treated other white people. My entire experience with the people of St. Lawrence convinced me that white people are not inherently racist.

For this reason, I was deeply disturbed by the portion of the article that indicated "kerosene" and "gasoline" were used to "get the black off" me. I am very confident that those harsh chemicals were not used. To the contrary, I was gently washed with warm soap and water only. While some may view this letter an overreaction, please understand my sensitivity to the experience. Until that point I lived my entire life in the segregated southern United States. Given that background, I thought my rescuers were heroic for treating me the same as the white sailors. Without that element of the story, the rescue is reduced to one of many heroic civilian rescues made during WWII. Most importantly, to report that I was treated differently in any way would detract from the heroism of the people of St. Lawrence.

Lanier W. Phillips
Gulfport, Mississippi

Currents

Titanic Times

AFTER HITTING ICEBERG

The Lunenburg Times

BLUENOSE READY FOR LAUNCHING. CHALLENGER IS READY TO TAKE PLUNGE INTO SEA AT LUNENBURG. THIS OCCASION UNIQUE IN THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

There's no news like old news

"Titanic Sinks Four Hours After Hitting Iceberg." Imagine our shock at reading this headline. After we'd been led to believe the whole time that the *Titanic* was utterly unsinkable. What next? World war? Some chap crossing the Atlantic in one of those new-fangled biplanes? The king of England abdicating his throne for some – god help us – *woman*?

Who knows what perils and pleasures the twentieth century may bring. Still, there's a good chance we might read about it in the pages of *The Times of Halifax, The Navy Times, The Lunenburg Times* and a couple of other newspapers that pay scant regard to such twenty-first-century tosh as Alan Greenspan's prognostications, Conrad Black's sulks, or Britney Spears's belly-button. Produced by Halifax publisher Tony Colaiacovo and for sale by subscription, the twenty-four-page newspapers in question are really oldspapers, if one is permitted to mint a new word. The front page of *The Times of Halifax*, for instance, features the 1917 Halifax explosion; *The Lunenberg Times*, the 1921 launching of the *Bluenose*; *The Titanic Times* – well, you know. And the typeface and layout recall period newspapers without being blindingly dense. The idea for the publications, which are also sold in Halifax-area museums and other outlets, sprang from Colaiacovo's forehead like Athena from Zeus's. He had an undergraduate degree in history, a graduate degree in business administration, and lots of experience in the advertising side of publications, so he decided one day about three years ago to smoosh his education and experience all together, and come out with these historilicious publications, which, in addition to the front-page shock-horror story, feature other well-vetted accounts of local history – the *Titanic Times*, for instance, also includes the Halifax-connected SS *Atlantic* marine disaster, the world's worst before the *Titanic* sank. News to us.

The idea of such oldspapers knows no bounds. Colaiacovo is coming out this spring with *The Times of Acadia*, which pushes his operation a little farther afield. But we also imagine *The Times of Winnipeg*, presenting that little labour-capital dustup known as the 1919 General Strike. Or perhaps *The Times of Toronto* and the thrashing the city took at the hands of Hurricane Hazel.

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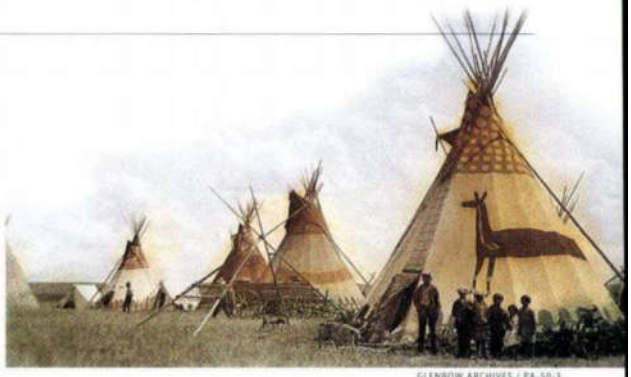
Our Way of Life


GLENBOW ARCHIVES / PA-50-3

Almost the archetypal people of the Plains, the Blackfoot people were a confederacy of three powerful nations, the Kainai, the Peigan, and the Siksika, who united to gain control of the vast buffalo herds of Saskatchewan and Alberta sometime before Europeans arrived in the early 1750s. Unrivalled bison hunters, they ran the great burly creatures over cliffs or into ponds before the arrival of horses and guns on the Plains in the early eighteenth century; afterwards, as equestrian hunters, they were matchless horsemen and warriors. The fur trade and the devastation of the plains bison brought an end of their traditional way of life, but the Blackfoot have been able to retain much of their culture and language on their reserve lands in Alberta and Montana.

Okay, that's the history lesson in brief.

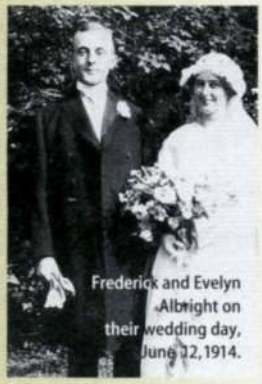
And now for the show: The history and traditions of the Blackfoot Confederacy are part of a new permanent gallery exhibit at Calgary's Glenbow Museum, which pretty much sits in Blackfoot territory. Titled *Nitsitapiisinni* (Blackfoot for *Our Way of Life*), the exhibit recreates the sights, sounds, and – yes – aromas of the Blackfoot territory through photo murals, interactive videos, nature sounds, and the scents of the natural world (which may finally answer one of our pressing concerns: what do bison smell like on a warm June day?). Some 275 artifacts from the Glenbow's Blackfoot collection are showcased, including a full-sized painted tipi, story robes, quill- and beadwork, items used in daily life, photographs, and paintings. There are audio stations, too, where you can listen to traditional stories and personal experiences told in both English and Blackfoot. The exhibit is the culmination of ten years of collaboration between the museum and the Blackfoot community and brings together all of the confederacy, including American representation.

It's a fact

Canadians consume more doughnuts per capita than any people in the world. It's a Great Canadian Achievement – one of thirty such achievements on the Great Canadian Achievement Mural, a twenty-seven-by-nine-metre painting recently unveiled on the side of the Larter Building on the southeast corner of Yonge and Wellington Streets in lovely Aurora, Ontario, thirty-four kilometres north of Toronto. Other achievements and/or historic personages include the Group of Seven, the Canadarm, Banting and Best, Team Canada '72, Mr. Dressup, and Alexander Graham Bell. A quirky selection, but perhaps we are a quirky people.

Love and duty

If you liked the October/November 2001 *Beaver* cover story "Kathlyn's Letters," the World War II correspondence of Kathlyn Fish to her husband Harvey fighting overseas, then you'll love "An Echo in My Heart: The Letters of Frederick Stanley Albright and Elnora Evelyn (Kelly) Albright," the World War I correspondence between a young Calgary lawyer who served in the trenches and his wife, a law student who became a professor of English. You won't, however, find the correspondence in print – at least not yet. You'll find it instead on the Internet – at <http://members.rogers.com/echoinmyheart>. Developed by Lorna Brooke, who was working in the University of Western Ontario library in the mid-1990s when the letters first arrived in a box, the website features more than 550 letters spanning the period from 1911, when Fred and Evelyn began courting, through their 1914 marriage on the eve of war, to 1917, when Fred was called up to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Intelligent folk, their exchange ranges with humour and insight over big topics that in early twentieth-century style warrant capital letters – Feminism, Women's Suffrage, Temperance – and more prosaic lowercase sorts of concerns – health, politics, and personalities. A labour of love for Brooke – she transcribed all the letters – the collection, too, is a firsthand account of life in the battlefields of France.



Frederick and Evelyn Albright on their wedding day, June 12, 1914.

Evelyn Albright became the first female instructor in the English department of the University of Western Ontario and had a long academic career. She died in 1979 at age 89. Her married life was brief. Frederick died with 15,000 other Canadian soldiers at Passchendaele on October 26, 1917. In a poignant postscript to his final letter, he tells Evelyn he is carrying a Belgian coin belonging to a friend of theirs "for luck." Though she receives nothing more from him, she continues corresponding until November 11. "You seem far away tonight dearest," she writes at the end of her very last letter to him. "I wonder why? You are ever uppermost in my thoughts."

Meanwhile, in other topics related to love and duty, a documentary film called – surprise! – *Love and Duty*, is scheduled to be aired this Valentine's Day on the History Channel. Produced by Vancouver's Infinity Films, and narrated by SCTV alumna Catherine O'Hara, the documentary is about the lives of the 641 Canadian women who served overseas in World War II with the Red Cross. It, too, includes letters, diary entries, and vintage photographs to document the way the war shaped lives.

LOVE DUTY

CANADIAN RED CROSS WOMEN IN WWII

Take the day off

February 4: To commemorate the first ball in Canada, held to celebrate the 1667 French victory over the Iroquois. Dress up.

February 16: To note Pierre Elliott Trudeau's 1971 use of the expression "fuddle-duddle" in response to Opposition members who accused him of using an obscene expression in Parliament. Wash your mouth out with soap.

March 21: To mark New France Intendant Jean Talon's 1666 census – Canada's first – which recorded a total population of 3,000 (white) people. Go forth and multiply.

March 26: To celebrate the launching in 1921 of Canada's most famous sailing ship, the *Bluenose*, which won the International Fisherman's Trophy three years running (1921–1923) against the fastest American schooners. Spend a dime.

Phoenix rising

How do you replace a 248-year-old church that has been reduced to charred rubble in a fire? When it's St. John's Anglican Church in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia – the second-oldest Anglican church in North America – you don't replace it. Especially not with some modern excrescence. You restore it.

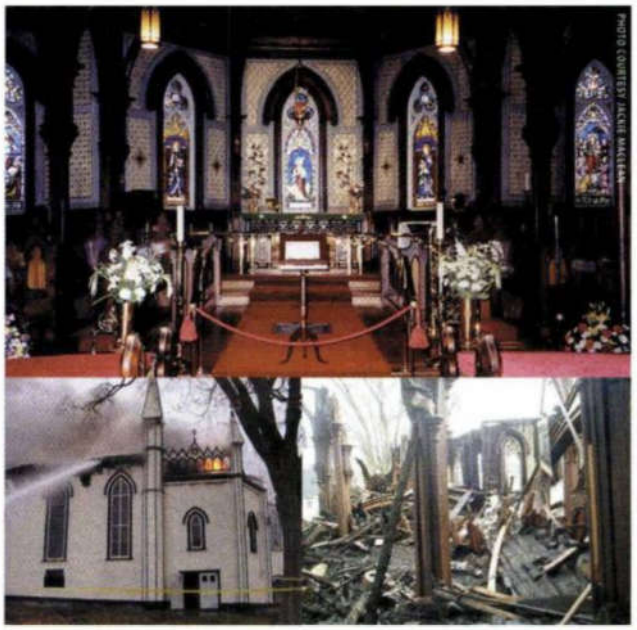


PHOTO COURTESY JACKIE MACLEAN

Though the cost of rebuilding the landmark church, which burned last Hallowe'en in a fire suspected of being started by vandals, is estimated to be about $6 million, parishioners have voted overwhelmingly for full restoration. The church is, after all, a national historic site.

Built in 1754 as a simple, two-storey, New England-style meeting house, St. John's underwent additions and renovations during the Victorian period that lent it a highly ornamented "carpenter gothic" character. The trademark ceiling, for instance, came to be built in the shape of an inverted boat, while the balconies resemble ship decks – an appropriate motif given Lunenburg's culture. And there are – or were – lots of lovely dark wood and stained glass. Alas, no more.

But now the big task of fundraising begins. St. John's parishioners can at least take some heart from the example of historic St. George's Anglican Church in Halifax. It burned in 1994, but five years later was restored to glory after a successful $5 million fundraising campaign. Thus far, Federal Heritage Minister Sheila Copps has agreed to make $1 million available for St. John's restoration. Only a few mil more to go. Donations may be made to the St. John's Church Re-Building Fund at any branch of the Bank of Montreal, or by cheque to the church, care of P.O. Box 238, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, B0J 2C0.

Queen Elizabeth II and Canada, Fifty Years On

Few old enough to remember can forget the shock that they experienced in February 1952 on hearing that King George VI had died. At age fifty-six, although known to be in poor health, his death was unexpected. It is almost, but not quite, in the class of John Kennedy's assassination and the terrorist attacks of September 2001. The sound of muffled drums and funerary music on the radio, the grainy black and white photographs of the lying-in-state at Westminster Hall and, later, of the three veiled queens on the platform at Victoria Station as the rail cortege prepared to leave for Windsor, evoke another age.

That setting is worth recalling for the contrast it presents with another memory, equally sharp, of the coronation of Elizabeth II in June 1953. Then, it was not just the splendour of the occasion but the excitement generated by the competition among North American television networks to be first to show the film of the day's pageantry. Using military jet aircraft to cross the Atlantic, the CBC, which began telecasts in September 1952, won.

ASSOCIATED PRESS / AP

Queen Elizabeth II, Queen Mary, and the Queen Mother at the funeral of King George VI, February 11, 1952.

From the coronation onward, the Queen's reign has been a visual experience. Controversy may have mounted over the intrusiveness of the media, with Britain's tabloid press deemed a major culprit, but it is television and the calculated use of it, by members of the royal family as well as by others, which have monopolized attention. In the Massey Lectures for 1994, British author Conor Cruise O'Brien talked about "the communications revolution" and the power it possesses "to deligitimize" institutions like monarchy by exposing them to contempt.

As interesting as that proposition may be, it is beside the point in a discussion of the Queen and her Canadian people. It is not the Canadian media, print or electronic, that are undermining the monarchy. For Canada, the significance in the relationship between the two lies in this – the Queen's reign and the age of television as a mass medium are coterminous. The capacity of television to mould viewer perception through the images it transmits is central to any discussion of Canada's queen and her subjects.

More insistently than the now rather dated-looking transcontinental royal tours of the past, television delivers the monarch to her people. At the same time as it reinforces the royal image, it does so without reminding the viewer of the institution of monarchy. If this sounds ominously like an essay in semiotics, that is not the intent, although the Canadian monarchy offers wide opportunity to explore the place of symbols in the country's political culture.

More than in Australia, for example, whose residents by a large majority favour abandoning monarchy for a republic (but cannot agree on the constitutional form that republic should take), the Canadian Crown elicits a range of emotions – if that is the right word, since behind no sentiment is there discernible passion. Around half of the Canadian people, occasionally less but rarely more, favour abandoning monarchy – presumably for a republic, although there is no republican movement, and without a movement, no republican debate or literature.

Compared with Australia, Canadians do not see monarchy as a vestige of colonialism, or a mark of inferiority, or

an indication of national immaturity. This is very curious, because Canada more than any other "old Dominion," except perhaps South Africa, set the pace for asserting its national status vis à vis Great Britain. Certainly, Canada's long-standing ambition was to domesticate imperial procedures and symbols – from ending appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to adopting a distinctive Canadian flag. At one level, the explanation for republican reticence is obvious. First, being a monarchy sets Canada apart from the countries of the western hemisphere, but most especially from the United States. Second, even if there were a strong desire for change, under the constitutional amendment procedure adopted in 1982 unanimous consent of the Senate, the House of Commons, and the legislative assemblies of each province is required to alter "the office of the Queen, the Governor General and the Lieutenant Governor of a province" (section 41a). Finally, while only a minority of Canadians, most prominently the Monarchist League of Canada, maintain a consistent position on the subject (for retention), that minority speaks with a concentration few other Canadians display for an alternative.

None of these considerations is negligible in explaining Canada's retention of monarchy in a republican-minded world. Still, taken together, the case they make is unsatisfying. It is too pragmatic, too rational, too bloodless. To understand the anomaly of Canada – less British in its demography than Australia, less tolerant of titles and distinctions too, but also less offended by an absent head of state who is a king or queen – it is necessary to understand that monarchy for Canadians has a double meaning.

It is both abstract, in the sense of the Crown, and concrete, in the sense of the person who wears the crown. The first is the realm of theorists and courts; the second, of the people. For some, most significantly the aboriginal people of Canada, the meaning of monarchy has in recent decades become inverted: from the personalized Crown as sovereign power (Queen Victoria) to the idealized Crown as constitutional trustee (recent decisions of the courts of Canada). In the words of one treaty commissioner, Saskatchewan's David Arnot, where once "the measure of the Crown was the personal status and dignity of the sovereign, today it is evolving into 'the conscience of the country.'"

For the vast majority of Canadians, there is great reverence for the Crown as an institution, as manifested in attitudes toward law, honours, and even government (but not the politicians who make government happen). The Crown appropriately symbolizes how Canadians believe power should be arranged and exercised. Of course, there are those who want change, advocates of a Triple E Senate for example, and others who have wrought change, as with the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Yet in both instances, their objective must be integrated into a monarchical constitution.

The Fathers of Confederation believed that monarchy is a constitutional form that serves Canada particularly well.

Here is where Canada and Australia fundamentally differ. The scholars who propose an Australian republic claim that abandoning monarchy is the logical last step of a constitutional progression begun a century ago. In 1901, the new Commonwealth was born with the world's first popularly elected upper house (election to the U.S. Senate did not occur until 1913) and a constitutional amendment procedure using the referendum, thus recognizing popular sovereignty as the base of Australian politics. In Canada, there is no constitutional concept of the people apart from Parliament. That tripartite institution of Crown, Senate, and Commons represents the whole of the nation.

The abstract or invisible Crown is the first principle of Canadian government, a system that is monarchical in its allegiances and obligations. What has this to do with the Queen? The easy answer is, nothing. The Queen possesses no powers relating to Canada that have not been delegated to her representative, the governor general. Legally, the governor general is the Crown in Canada. And yet, Canadians think of the Queen, and only her, when they refer to the Canadian monarchy. As worthy as Canadian governors general have been (and 2002 is also the fiftieth anniversary of the appointment of Vincent Massey, the first Canadian to occupy the office), the Queen alone symbolizes monarchy.

Monarchy itself is about symbols, and the Queen is enveloped by them, although some, such as those associated with an established church and orders of chivalry, have nothing to do with Canada. No symbols of comparable force surround the governor general. Mass communication, especially television and the satellites that transmit instant images, create an intimacy and immediacy between the viewer and the subject (this time, the Queen). There is enormous respect in Australia and Canada for the Queen as a person. But in Australia, where the Crown is criticized as an anachronistic institution, the visual monarchy provided by television reinforces that opposition. By contrast, in Canada Crown and monarch affirm one another. It is not a question of the Queen strengthening Canadian institutions but rather of Canadian institutions legitimating the Queen.

Will this reciprocity survive the next royal succession? With a different monarch, Conor Cruise O'Brien's fears might be realized: the power of modern communications could undermine the monarchy in Canada and, even, in Britain itself. If it is true, as the Fathers of Confederation believed it was, that monarchy is a constitutional form that serves Canada particularly well, then it is even more the case that the qualities of commitment and restraint identified with Elizabeth II and as mediated to her Canadian subjects by television, complement and strengthen that relationship.

The enigmatic Canadian monarchy is one more illustration to support Oscar Wilde's observation that "the mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible." ◘

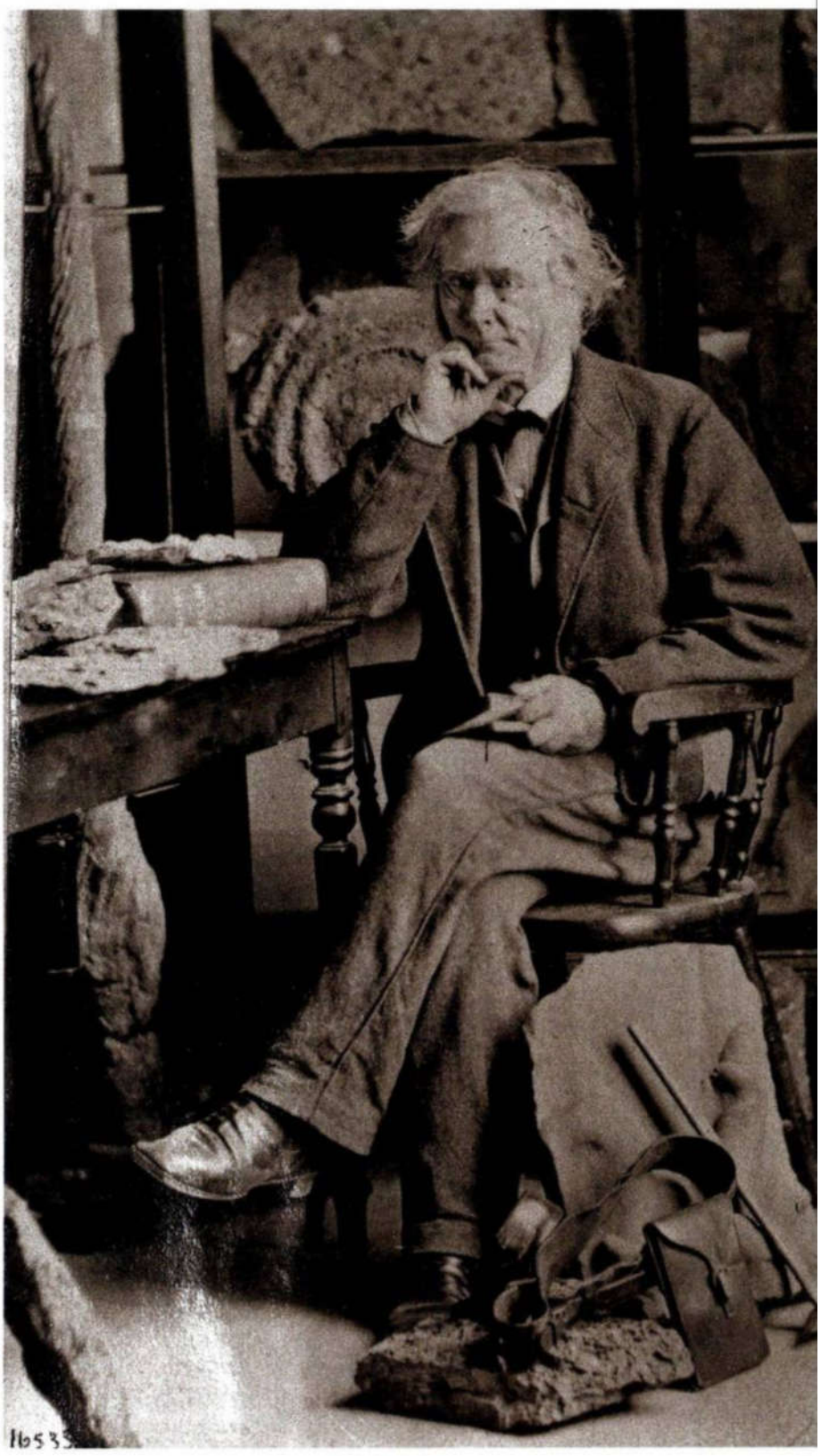
David E. Smith is a political scientist whose recent books include *The Invisible Crown: The First Principle of Canadian Government* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1995) and *The Republican Option in Canada, Past and Present* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1999).

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

Find coal, William Logan was told. Like oil today, in 1843 coal was essential to economic development. But Logan found no coal in the Province of Canada. Undaunted, he continued his pioneering work for the fledgling Geological Survey of Canada. What he discovered soon brought him honours and fame. And proved to the world that Canada was a treasure trove of mineral wealth.

Rough Science *in the* Bush

by Brian C. Shipley



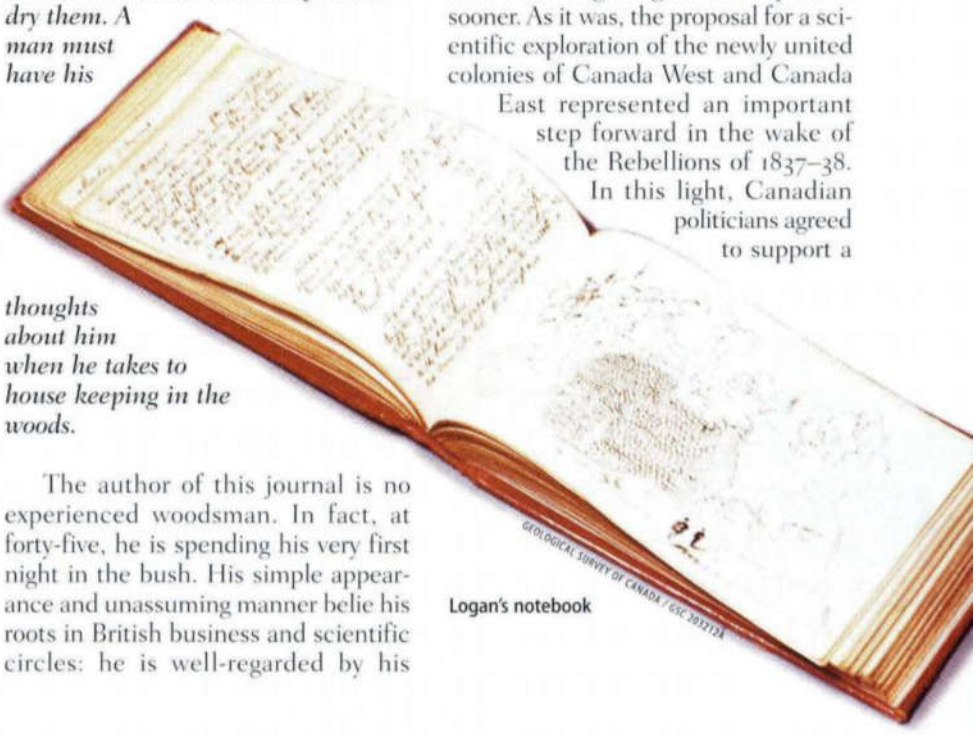
NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES, MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTREAL / I-16513.1

In 1842, William Edmond Logan was appointed the first director of the Geological Survey of Canada, established by the Province of Canada chiefly to explore for coal in the area that is now southern Quebec and Ontario. While unsuccessful in the venture, Logan spent his career identifying and mapping the major geological structures of the province and demonstrating the benefits of a systematic geological survey. Under his aegis, the GSC became a versatile institution conducting meticulous research, producing maps and reports, and maintaining a public museum that became the foundation of Canada's national museums. He retired to Wales in 1869, two years after Confederation expanded the Survey's geographical area of operations and eight years before Parliament granted the GSC permanent status and continued funding.

Mid-July, 1843: a mild summer evening in eastern Quebec, at a campsite a few kilometres upriver from the town of Gaspé, on the peninsula of the same name. Near the fire, a Micmac Indian scrubs away industriously at the cooking gear and calls out something to the older-looking white man emerging from the tent. Roughly dressed, this man has an air of contentment that is broken only for a moment as he digests what he has just been told. A brief frown, followed by a quick laugh, and he disappears back into the tent to note this latest development in his journal:

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA / GSC 203212A

While Basque [the Micmac] was preparing the frying pan by boiling some water in it to get the rust off, he said we were in want of a dish cloth. Such is forgotten. … But the want of a dish cloth puts me in mind that we have no towels, and the want of towels reminds me that we have no soap. Shaving will therefore be out of the question for some time. Of course we shall wash our faces every morning but it must be with water alone, and our handkerchiefs must dry them. A man must have his thoughts about him when he takes to house keeping in the woods.



GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA / GSC 203212A

Logan's notebook

The author of this journal is no experienced woodsman. In fact, at forty-five, he is spending his very first night in the bush. His simple appearance and unassuming manner belie his roots in British business and scientific circles: he is well-regarded by his peers, the learned gentlemen of London. No mere dilettante, this man is on a profound personal mission to bring a higher level of science to Canada than it has ever known before. For his efforts, he will one day receive international honours and be knighted by Queen Victoria herself. But all this lies more than ten years in the future: tonight, he is only an ex-manager of a Welsh copper works, returning to his native country to make a new career for himself, who has just realized that he is not fully prepared for life in the Canadian wilderness. His name is William Edmond Logan. He is the newly appointed director of the Geological Survey of Canada, and his mission starts here, now, in Gaspé.

Although the Province of Canada was young and relatively undeveloped, it is not surprising that the Legislative Assembly was willing to grant a modest sum (£1,500) in 1841 to have a geological survey carried out. In most of the American states, similar endeavours had recently been completed, or were still in progress, as was the case in Great Britain. Supporters confidently expected that the costs of such investigations would be repaid many times over by the value of the mineral resources discovered. If not for the political uncertainty of the later 1830s, Upper Canada probably would have had a geological survey even sooner. As it was, the proposal for a scientific exploration of the newly united colonies of Canada West and Canada East represented an important step forward in the wake of the Rebellions of 1837–38. In this light, Canadian politicians agreed to support a

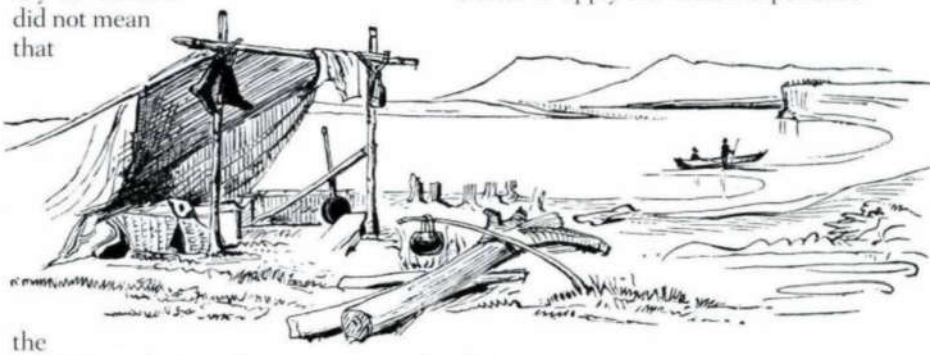
geological survey of their territory and anticipated great results.

In an age of railroads (though they had not yet been built in Canada) and steamship travel, coal was the most highly sought-after geological commodity. Britain's industrial supremacy was founded upon coal, and the new transatlantic steamers shortened the distance between Liverpool and Halifax remarkably. Huge coal deposits existed in northern England and in South Wales and were seen by the theologically inclined, like Oxford geologist Reverend William Buckland, as proof that God had designed the Earth's strata for the future benefit of mankind, and of British peoples especially. The U.S. also had massive coal reserves in Pennsylvania, and even the sister British North American colony of Nova Scotia was home to workable beds of coal. So where was the coal in Canada? No question would press harder on the person chosen as the new provincial geologist.

History is replete with striking coincidences, and one of these was the availability of just the right person for this job at just the right time. William E. Logan was a skilled geologist with experience in surveying and mapping. His previous work in South Wales had already been gratefully adopted by the British Geological Survey. And Logan's particular area of expertise was coal formations. Not only had he mapped the coal fields around his home in Swansea with unparalleled precision, he had developed his own theory of the origin of coal deposits and presented it to the prestigious Geological Society of London. After leaving the copper works in 1838, Logan undertook a tour of eastern North America, visiting the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia in 1840–41. And last, but certainly not least, unlike any other conceivable candidate for the job, Logan had been born in Canada, in 1798. Although the Logan family had returned to Scotland from Montreal when William was seventeen and a student in Edinburgh, his status as a Canadian exercised a firm grip on the public imagination throughout his career in Canada.

With his local origin, his impeccable qualifications, and enthusiastic testimonials from leading British geologists, Logan had no trouble obtaining the appointment in 1842. It might have seemed like his appearance on the scene was no less providential than the Creator's provision of mineral resources. But just because Logan was an easy choice to lead the Geological Survey of Canada did not mean that the work of conducting the survey would be easy. Canada's geology had been scarcely explored in the preceding years, mostly by British military officers with only basic scientific training. Moreover, the existing topographical maps, if any, were usually inadequate. In Britain, geological surveying consisted of adding geological observations to highly detailed base maps – this is what Logan had done in South Wales. In Canada, Logan would have to make his own maps. Although he knew the principles of land surveying and how to use surveyors' instruments, it would be another thing altogether to put this knowledge into practice in the colonial wilderness.

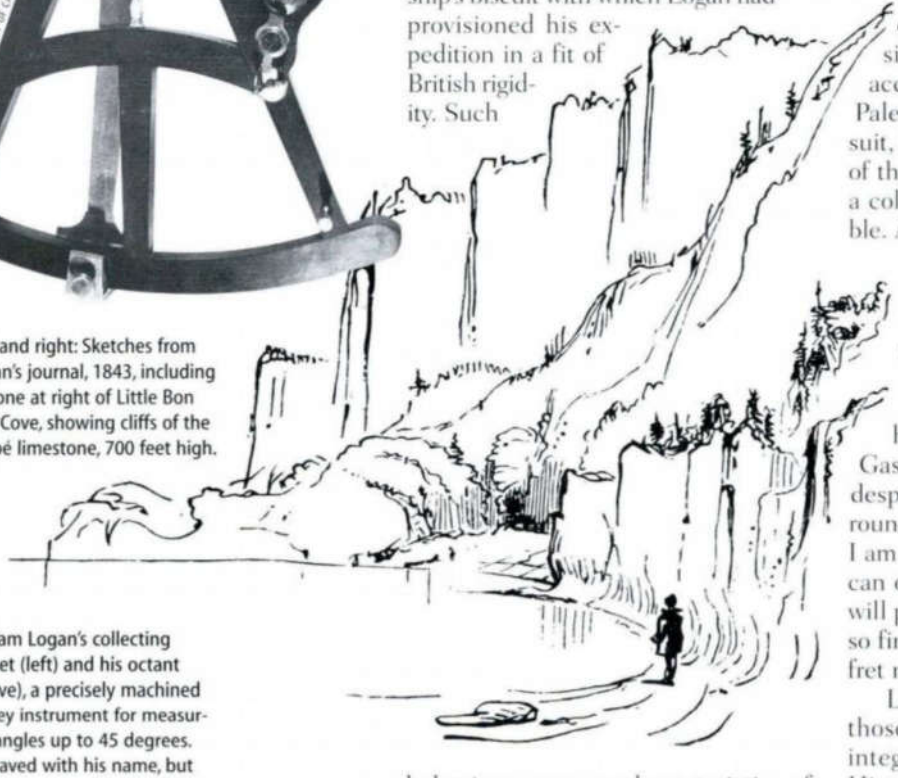
Logan relished telling stories about being taken for a lunatic as he walked up and down the beach, counting his paces, peering through strange instruments, and hammering, seemingly randomly, at exposed rocks.



In 1843, Logan chose to begin his survey on the Gaspé peninsula for several reasons. It was the easternmost point in Canada south of the St. Lawrence, and the closest to New Brunswick, the farthest-known extent of carboniferous (coal-bearing) rock formations. In short, it was the best chance to find coal in Canada. To do this, Logan would have to determine the correct relationship of the Gaspé rocks to those of true coal-bearing age. And to do this, he had to apply high scientific standards to his work in the field to ensure the accuracy and reliability of his results.

Following Captain Bayfield's coastal charts, Logan spent the summer of 1843 working his way along the Gaspé shoreline between Cap-des-Rosiers and Paspébiac. Besides John Basque, the Micmac who had been hired locally, Logan was accompanied by John Stevens, the son of a New Brunswick mine owner. Logan hoped that their skills would make the difference in his efforts to apply his British experience to the Canadian environment. Of Stevens, he wrote:

Knowing something of mineral exploration, having a dash of the necessary enthusiasm, and being accustomed to rough it in the woods, able to handle an axe, manage a canoe, and fit up a camp, *as they call it, I anticipate with his assistance, and that of the Indian, getting along with economy and despatch.*



Left and right: Sketches from Logan's journal, 1843, including the one at right of Little Bon Ami Cove, showing cliffs of the Gaspé limestone, 700 feet high.

William Logan's collecting basket (left) and his octant (above), a precisely machined survey instrument for measuring angles up to 45 degrees. Engraved with his name, but likely never used in the field, the octant was awarded to Logan as a prize for mathematics at Edinburgh University around 1818. Lost for many years, it was recovered in a loft in a barn in Wales in 1944.

It turned out that Basque's knowledge and abilities were the more critical of the two. On one occasion the expedition party stayed at his summer wigwam, along with Basque's extended family. Logan noted the details of the construction of this residence with the same keen eye that he applied to all his observations of novel phenomena. More importantly, Basque knew which local plants and animals were good for eating and how to prepare them. Porcupine ("rather better than sucking pig") soon became a camp favourite, especially when compared to the unpalatable supplies of salt pork and ship's biscuit with which Logan had provisioned his expedition in a fit of British rigidity. Such behaviour was uncharacteristic of Logan, who was a man of simple tastes but who knew the value of a good meal. The party also frequently availed itself of fresh fish and lobster, readily obtained from the fishing people who made up the majority of European settlement on the peninsula.

This rapid shift from imported to local foods is typical of the adaptations that Logan had to make when working in an unfamiliar environment. More crucial for his scientific results was the need to keep local conditions in mind when carrying out his surveying work. If lost or broken, Logan's instruments could not easily be replaced or repaired. Without instruments, he would not be able to determine the precise position, heading, and dip (slope) of the rocks he observed, and thus determine their age relative to known formations in neighbouring territories. In the first few weeks of his trip, Logan lost one of his surveying protractors, broke one of his prismatic compasses, and was forced to rely on his backup instruments.

Not all geological tools are complex, however—one of the simplest and most essential is the hammer, used to extract fossils from the surrounding rock. In Britain, during the 1830s, it had been definitively established that fossils were the single most important criterion in accurately dating a rock formation. Paleontology was not Logan's strong suit, however, so he was acutely aware of the need to bring back as complete a collection of Gaspé fossils as possible. After several months in the field, used to collect dozens of boxes of specimens, the party's hammers were in serious need of repair. What Logan discovered, though, was that even the local blacksmith was often away from his post, "gone a-fishing." Near Gascons, as autumn loomed, Logan despaired at this dire situation, "surrounded by fossils without a hammer. I am like a stumped Bull in fly time. I can only point to the fossil spot. This will produce sad delay. The weather is so fine and may soon break up. I shall fret myself to death."

Logan was quick to recognize those setbacks that threatened the integrity of his scientific enterprise. His response often tended to the dramatic. Not unlike our image of an absent-minded professor, his obsession with every minor detail sometimes prevented him from noticing more important things. Logan had a terrible habit of losing his field notebook, in which all his measurements and observations were recorded. Nothing could have been more disastrous, of course, as his experience on Cap Gaspé (in today's Forillon National Park) showed:

Again I have lost my book and this time I have been obliged to return to the tent disconsolate without it.

I shall put all hands to search for it tomorrow, for I shall die of a broken heart if it is not found. All the work I have done since I commenced is noted in it; and I shall be obliged to do it over again if the book is not recovered. A fortnight will thus be lost, and I doubt whether the work will be so well done the second time. Besides I shall get into disgrace for a supposed want of diligence, while God knows I have nearly done myself up with my exertions.

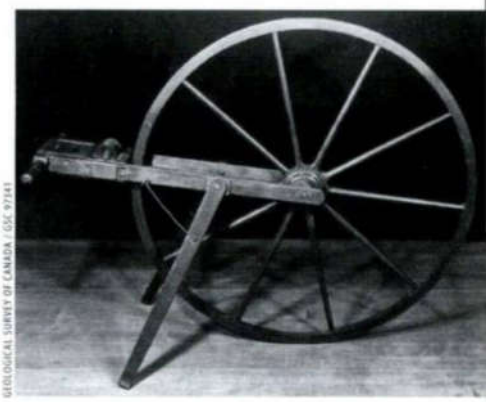
Luckily for Logan, John Basque's eyes and instincts were sharp enough to pick the little red notebook out of the undergrowth the next day.

Logan's lack of interest in mundane concerns was never expressed more clearly than in his public appearance. In both field and city, his attire was invariably utilitarian and frequently a very ragged version of that theme. As a result, his identity and purpose were often misunderstood by the Canadians with whom he came into contact. Logan relished telling stories about being taken for a lunatic as he walked up and down the beach, counting his paces, peering through strange instruments, and hammering, seemingly randomly, at exposed rocks. The very fact that few could understand what Logan was doing seemed to prove the value of his work.

In truth, however, Logan depended greatly on local knowledge and local cooperation, just as he had in South Wales. Residents gave him directions, and there were always a few people with suggestions for interesting phenomena, like bituminous springs, to examine. Logan spent some ten days in early September at Percé with Mr. Moriarty, an innkeeper, who toured him around the famous Percé Rock, arranged for him to ascend nearby Mount Anne, and lent him his whaleboat for a day trip to Bonaventure Island. Such instances of generosity are an important counterpoint to the idea that Logan encountered nothing but an inhospitable wilderness in Canada.

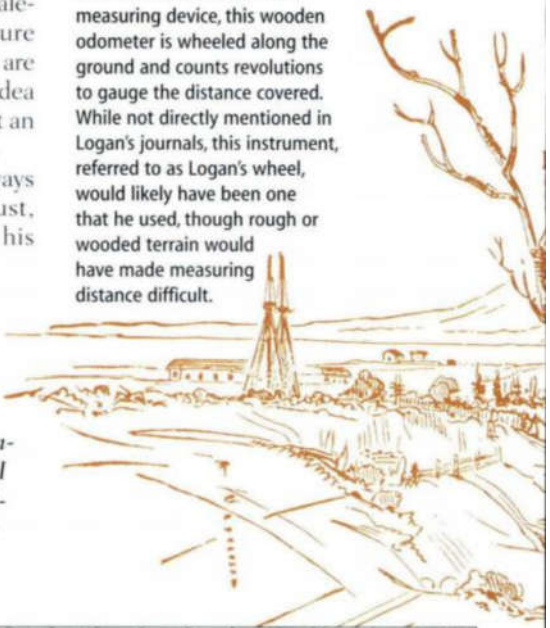
Nevertheless, dangers were always present. On a single day in August, Logan succumbed to more than his usual share of accidents.

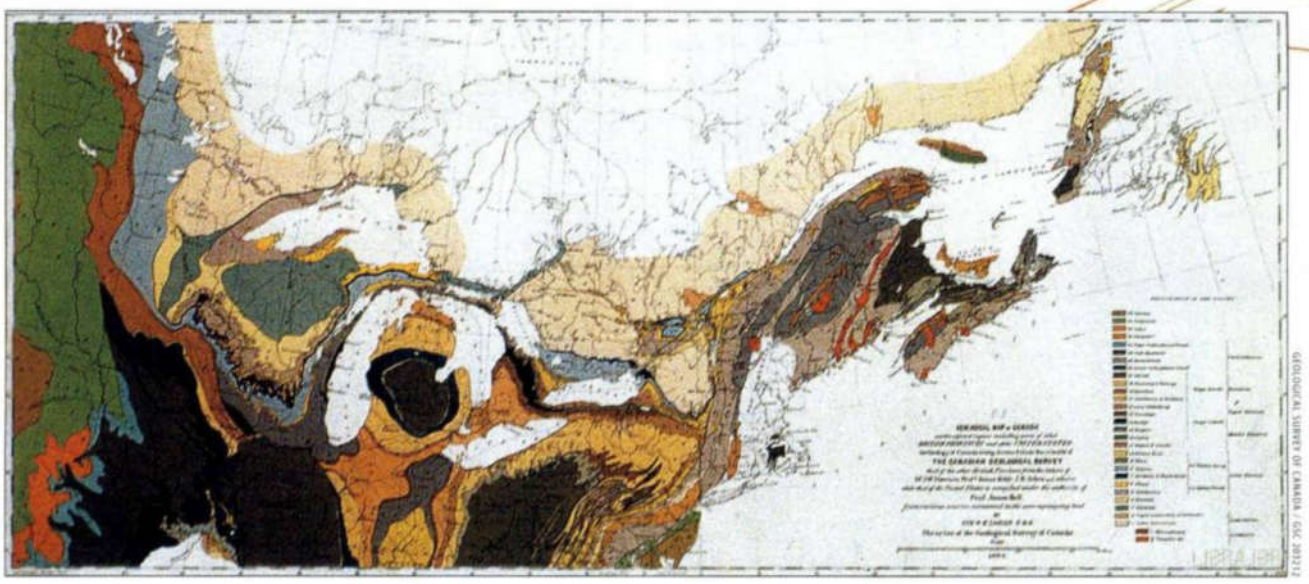
I have had a blow on the head from a great stone weighing half a hundredweight, which fell upon me, fortunately from no great height. It has bruised my temporal muscle on the left side, and I can masticate only with great difficulty. John brought up soup about four in the afternoon. If he had



GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA / GSC 97341

Wheel odometer A distance-measuring device, this wooden odometer is wheeled along the ground and counts revolutions to gauge the distance covered. While not directly mentioned in Logan's journals, this instrument, referred to as Logan's wheel, would likely have been one that he used, though rough or wooded terrain would have made measuring distance difficult.



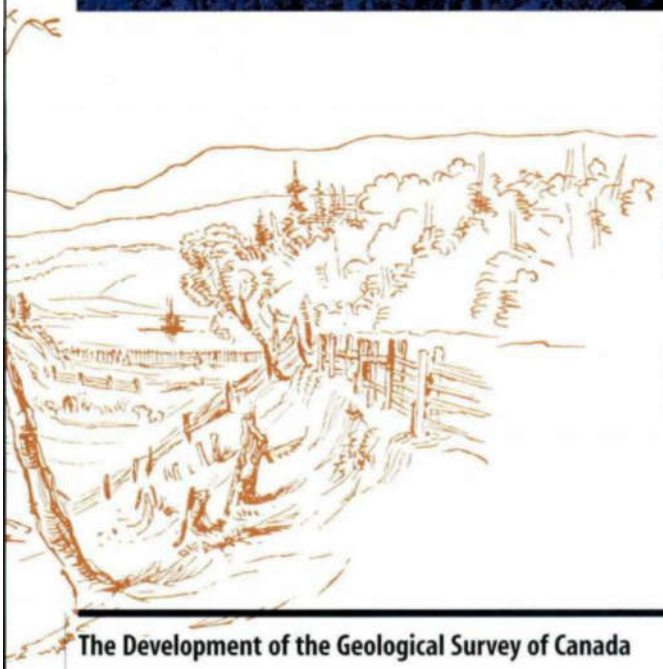


GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA / GSC 202272

Logan's 1863 map of the geology of Canada Although the Geological Survey of Canada in 1863 was mandated to survey only the Province of Canada, then comprising Canada East and Canada West (Quebec and Ontario), Logan incorporated into his map the other British colonies of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Doing so may have reflected his own interest in ideas and information beyond political boundaries, but it also reflected a concern of the day in British North America: the growing need for economic union in order to prosper and to resist assimiliationist pressures from the United States. Prosperity in Victorian times depended on the possession of coal. The Maritimes had coal. The Province of Canada did not.

JEAN-PIERRE HUARD

Rising 1,150 metres above sea level, Mount Logan, Quebec (above), 200 kilometres west of the town of Gaspé, is one of two mountains dedicated to William Logan. (The other, in southwest Yukon, is the highest in Canada and the second highest in North America at 5,960 metres.)



Sketch (left) near Cape Chatte, Lower St. Lawrence, from Logan's journal, 1844.

brought anything that required the use of the jaws, I must have gone without dinner. I have had a tumble, too, on a slippery stone, striking my elbow; and I put my foot between two stones and pinched my instep, so that I am all bruises, and my limbs are as stiff as sticks.

The sheer physical challenge of undertaking a geological survey in Canada was certainly not the least of Logan's worries.

The results of the 1843 field season were not encouraging. All evidence indicated that coal did not exist in the Province of Canada, and indeed could not. The rocks of Gaspé, the youngest of the Canadian formations, were still far too old to belong to the Carboniferous Period. Geological experience firmly denied that coal could ever be found below the carboniferous, despite the fervent belief of many Canadians to the contrary. They saw no reason why their province should be bound merely by what had been observed elsewhere. Yet finding coal was exactly what Logan had been hired to do.

Logan was politically astute. Rather than declare his negative results unequivocally, he tried to deflect attention for another year. His first annual report, for 1843, said almost

The Development of the Geological Survey of Canada

From modest beginnings in 1841 when Upper and Lower Canada were united in one province, the Geological Survey of Canada gradually developed into a full-fledged institution under Logan's careful guidance. The first important addition was a geochemist, the American T. Sterry Hunt, who started contributing mineral analyses in 1846. But the survey, charged with exploring, mapping, and inventorying Canada's geological resources, remained drastically understaffed, with skill deficiencies in several crucial areas. It took ten years before a parliamentary review of the GSC gave Logan the money and mandate to add a paleontologist and a cartographical draftsman to his roster. Around this time, Logan realized his long-standing goal of organizing a proper museum to display the survey's mineral and fossil collections, once kept in the warehouse of his merchant brother James.

The GSC underwent many changes in the generation after Logan's retirement. Confederation increased enormously the area that the geologists had to cover. After assisting informally with Sandford Fleming's survey of the CPR route, the survey's status was finally established as a permanent division of the federal government. In 1881, its offices and museum were moved (not without complaint) from Montreal to Ottawa. This era saw the heroic exploration of Canada's western and northern territories by such acclaimed geologists as J.B. Tyrell and George Mercer Dawson, who also made major contributions to anthropology through his studies of the native tribes he encountered. At the same time, the survey's mandate broadened to include natural history (botany and zoology), led by John Macoun. These wide-ranging collections, unmatched in Canada, were the obvious basis for a national museum. In 1910, the survey moved to the new Victoria Memorial Museum, thus becoming the direct ancestor of some of our best-known national institutions: the Canadian Museum of Nature, which still occupies the building, and the Canadian Museum of Civilization, now in Hull, Quebec.

The Pierre Berton Award

Canada's National History Society established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998
(no award 1999)
Peter C. Newman, British Columbia, 2000
CBC / Radio Canada, 2001

This is a national award to recognize individuals or organizations that have helped broaden the reach of Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2002 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to the name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome. There is no nomination form.

Nominations for the 2002 Pierre Berton Award must be received by May 24, 2002 and should be sent to:

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478–167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6

If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address, or

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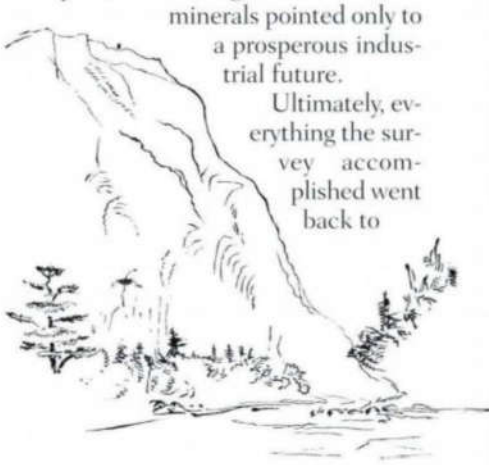
Fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: cnhs@historysociety.ca

nothing about his actual fieldwork in Canada. After two years, however, Logan had spent £800 of his own money over and above the survey's appropriation, despite having explored very little of the colony. Convinced that the Geological Survey had great potential and would eventually be appreciated, Logan went back to the legislative assembly for a further five years of funding, promising in return to report more fully on his progress. It was clear that he needed a dramatic way to convince Canadians that their geology was worth further investigation. Logan's opportunity came in 1851, with the Great Industrial Exhibition held at the Crystal Palace in London, England.

For this show, the first of its kind, Logan assembled a diverse and ingenious collection of Canadian rocks and minerals, showing the range of economic activity the province could support. Widely acclaimed, Logan's exhibit earned him a fellowship of the Royal Society of London, and would have won medals had he not also been a juror in his class. Four years later, at the Paris International Exposition of 1855, a sequel display and an accompanying geological map of Canada yielded a gold medal, membership in France's Legion of Honour, the highest award of the Geological Society of London, and at long last the title of Sir William.

In 1863, Logan led an ever-expanding Geological Survey of Canada to the publication of its major monograph, the 983-page *Geology of Canada*, which summarized all the work up to that point. It was accompanied by an atlas. In 1869 the long-awaited large-scale (twenty-five miles to the inch) geological map of Canada and northeastern North America was released. Confederation had radically expanded the meaning of "Canada," and thus the survey's mandate, but this was a task for the next generation. At the age of seventy-one, Logan could finally retire, his own mission complete. He lived another six years before his death in Wales in 1875.

As its founding director, William Edmond Logan was responsible for the Geological Survey of Canada's visible triumphs. But it should not be forgotten that the great publications, exhibits, and maps of the later years were the fruits of long labours in the field. The basic activities of exploration, identification, and classification provided the material from which Canadian geology would be built. Year after year, inching across the surface of the country, Logan and his assistants brought scientific order to the wilderness. Their work made it possible for Canadians to see their land in new ways. Geology might be the science of the past, but catalogues of economic minerals pointed only to a prosperous industrial future.



Ultimately, everything the survey accomplished went back to Logan's first experiences in the Canadian bush and along the Gaspé coast, where he determined that this province's geology could and would be subject to scientific analysis. Drawing on his experience in South Wales, Logan combined British surveying methods with local knowledge. He succeeded in his goal of bringing the science of geology to Canada, even though it meant dashing the hopes of his patrons, who had hired him to find coal. Given the importance of mineral resources to Canada's later development, though, it's hard to think that they made a mistake.

Epilogue, Mid-July, 1844: Gaspé again, almost exactly one year later. Logan has brought a much larger surveying party this time, with two scientific assistants, five natives, and three canoes. Today, though, there is no tranquil repose before a reassuring fire. Instead, they are more than a kilometre up in the sky, on bare rock beyond the tree line, buffeted by constant winds and enduring temperatures hardly above freezing. It has taken three days of trying just to get to this summit, the highest one they can

reach. Instead of merely skirting the coast, Logan has determined this year to explore the unknown interior of the peninsula. Now, the party is high up in the Chic Choc mountain range that separates the St. Lawrence from the Bay of Chaleur. No white man has ever crossed these peaks, and the present explorers too would turn back if not for their native guides, porters, and boatmen. (And even then, one does.) The surveyors have reached this point by canoeing up the Cap-Chat River, in vessels now abandoned. To continue onwards they will have to build new canoes to descend the Cascapédia River on the other side.

First, though, their work on the summit has to be completed. There are sixty-three other peaks visible, and the compass bearing to each one needs to be recorded carefully. Below, they can see the great St. Lawrence spread out, the boats upon it merely dots at this distance. They raise the Union Jack in hopes of being spotted by the mail steamer as it passes. In his understated Scottish fashion, Logan reflects on the advantages of nasty weather: "I drew a panorama of about one-half of the circle of hills, and hope to finish to-morrow. ... Drawing with a temperature of 43°[F], and a strong wind blowing, is anything but warming for the fingers. We had scarcely a black fly the whole day – thanks to the wind." And while their leader sketches and muses, John Stevens and assistant geologist Alexander Murray discuss their plan to name this peak Mount Logan.

Years later, of course, there will be another Mount Logan, in the far northwestern corner of Canada, in a land never seen by Sir William. Much higher than its predecessor, and much better known today, it serves as a memorial of the ultimate outcome of the survey's work: a nation large and proud. But the Mount Logan in Quebec, though not even the highest hill in Gaspé, seems in a way no less significant. For this is a summit upon which he actually stood, a testament to his physical accomplishment in performing a geological survey of Canada. Scarcely a year after he began, William Logan was no longer a bemused neophyte. On top of this peak, proclaiming his scientific authority over lands that stretched as far as the eye could see, he was truly a pioneer of Canadian science in the bush.

Brian C. Shipley is a Ph.D. candidate in the department of history at Dalhousie University. His doctoral dissertation is on William Edmond Logan and the practice of geology in pre-Confederation Canada.

et cetera

Life of Sir William E. Logan by B.J. Harrington. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, 1883.

No Stone Unturned: The First 150 Years of the Geological Survey of Canada by Christy Vodden. Energy, Mines and Resources Canada, Ottawa, 1992.

Reading the Rocks: The Story of the Geological Survey of Canada, 1842–1972 by Morris Zaslow. Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1975.

The Geological Survey of Canada features William Logan on its website at: <www.nrcan.gc.ca/gsc/logan/>.

William Logan's contributions to earth science can be seen at the Geological Survey of Canada's Logan Hall, 601 Booth Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0E8. Telephone: 613-996-3919.

Canada's Literary

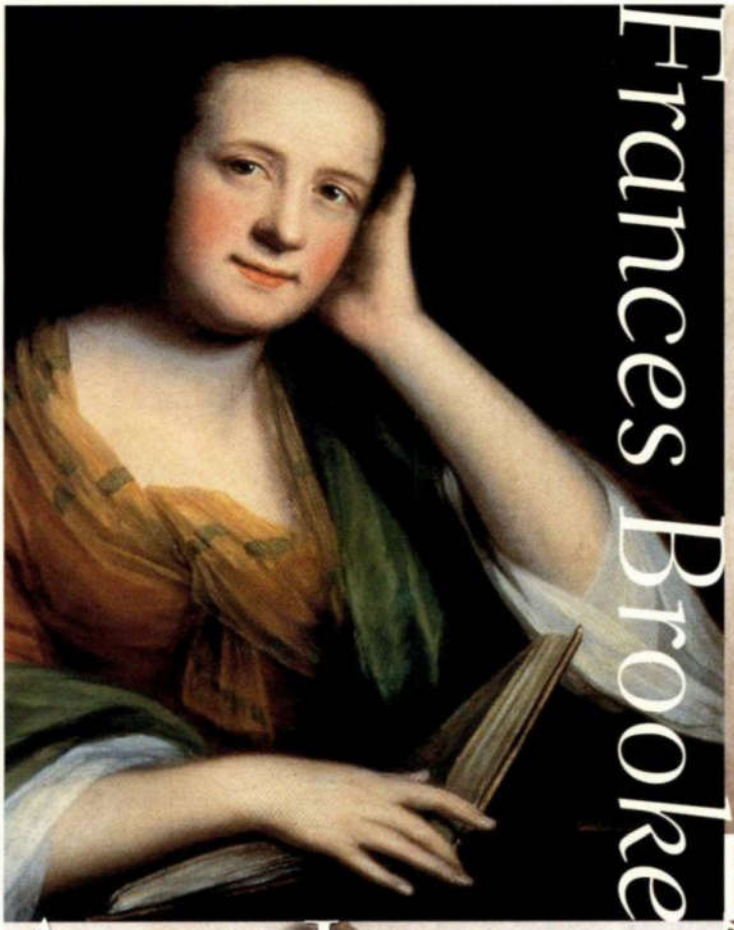
First Ladies

In pioneer Canada, few women had the time, education, or inclination to write about their own experiences. But the handful who did brought an uncommon perspective to life in a new and extraordinary land.

by Céline Kear

You are extremely mistaken, my dear, in your idea of the society here; I had rather live at Quebec, take it for all in all, than in any town in England, except London; the manner of living here is uncommonly agreable [sic], *the scenes about us are lovely, and the mode of amusements make us taste those scenes in full perfection.*

The writer is Arabella Fermor, a young Englishwoman who arrived in Quebec with her father, who has rejoined his regiment following the Conquest. Miss Fermor, an accomplished flirt, is an inveterate correspondent who advises her female friends on the niceties of courtship and love until she herself enters into a marriage with a certain Captain Fitzgerald. Witty and articulate, Miss Fermor is a delight. But no such Arabella Fermor ever existed. She is a character in what is considered to be the first Canadian – indeed the first North American – novel, *The History of Emily Montague*, written by Frances Brooke and published in 1769. Using the then-popular literary device of letters to develop the romance of her characters, Brooke conveys a firsthand view of Canada in the years immediately following the British conquest of Quebec. Anticipating *Pride and Prejudice* in its story of a beautiful, intelligent heroine and an honourable but rather stuffy hero (Brooke is sometimes referred to as the Canadian Jane Austen), *The History of Emily Montague* incorporates realistic accounts of everyday life and society in the towns and vil-



Frances Brooke

Elizabeth Simcoe

Anna Jameson

Anne Langton

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Frances Brooke, *ca. 1771* by Catherine Read. *Frances (Moore) Brooke's time in Quebec was an interlude in a life of accomplishment as a member of London's literary circle. Before arriving in Canada with her military-chaplain husband in 1763, in the wake of the Conquest, she had written and published a novel as well as writing plays and poetry and translating the work of others. In the twenty years following her 1768 return to England, she wrote several novels, managed the Haymarket Opera House, and wrote the libretti for two comic operas. The novel she wrote in Canada,* The History of Emily Montague, *considered North America's first novel, reflects the author's experience of Quebec at a time of notable political transition. Her descriptions were so adept that Elizabeth Simcoe, arriving a generation later, found them "very near the truth."*

Elizabeth Simcoe, *1790* by Mary Anne Burges. *Elizabeth Posthuma (Gwillim) Simcoe spent five years in Canada in the 1790s, consort to her husband who had been appointed lieutenant governor of Upper Canada. She was a rigorous diarist, recording her own activities and observations of her surroundings, including its native inhabitants, wildlife, and social customs, with great vivacity. Life in the British colony was difficult, but she viewed it as adventure. Her diaries were not intended for publication; her writings consisted of on-the-spot jottings and later edited versions that were sent to her four young daughters, who remained behind in England during their parents' Canadian sojourn.* The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe, Wife of the First Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada 1792–96 *was not published until 1911.*

Anna Brownell (Murphy) Jameson *had an established literary reputation before arriving in Canada, and enjoyed the cosmopolitan life in Britain and on the Continent. She came to Upper Canada grudgingly, to be at her husband's side while he carried out his duties as attorney general. Arriving in Toronto in December 1836, she was little delighted by the frigid weather and the dearth of intellectual companionship, and some of her pithy impressions found their way to the first part of her memoir* Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. *Summer elevated her mood, however, and she enthusiastically recorded her observations of the unspoiled beauty of the wilderness during a two-month tour of the colony. Her stay in Canada was brief – just nine months – but her book, when it was published in London in 1838, was a critical and popular success. Her marriage was not. She and her husband reached an amicable separation agreement, and Anna spent the last two decades of her life in London organizing a compendium of Christian art and advocating for the advancement of women.*

Anne Langton, *unlike Brooke, Simcoe, and Jameson, came to Canada and stayed. She followed no husband, either. When her family's fortunes withered in England in the late 1830s, she emigrated to Upper Canada with her parents and siblings to stay with a brother who had already settled at Blythe. Being well educated in England and on the Continent, she was cultivated to be a creature of the English drawing-room. But she took to the raw pioneering experience of the New World with alacrity. Her journals, edited posthumously by a nephew and published in 1950 as* A Gentlewoman in Upper Canada, *are a lively and perceptive account of family and community life as settlement was gradually wrested from the Ontario bush. Dying at age eighty-eight in 1893, she also left an extensive portfolio of miniatures, sketches, and watercolour landscapes.*

lages of Quebec. The book depicts native women and aboriginal custom, the seigneurial system, the social activities of the English gentlemen and gentlewomen, and the religion, politics, and character of the French inhabitants.

Brooke, who lived in Canada between 1763 and 1768, is an attentive observer of her social and natural surroundings. She writes with style, wit, and understanding, evoking history as it is being made. But she is rare: Few women who endured the rigours of pioneer life had either the desire, the ability, or the leisure to write of their own experiences, whether letters, journals, or novels. As a consequence, women's voices are not often heard in the history of the early days of Canadian settlement. But there were a few educated women who through force of circumstance or personality brought their talents to the written word to provide a unique perspective on the early period of Canada's developments. The most well known of these are the famous Strickland sisters, Susanna Moodie and Catherine Parr Traill, writers respectively of such classics as *Roughing It in the Bush* (1852) and *The Backwoods of Canada* (1836). However, other contributors to Canada's literary life had been as significant. The most outstanding of these are Frances Brooke, Elizabeth Simcoe, Anna Jameson, and Anne Langton – our first literary ladies.

Literary traditions were not firmly established in Canada in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but they were in England where an expanding reading public was making it increasingly acceptable for women to live by the pen. Before Jane Austen published her first novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, in 1811, more than a hundred women novelists had published more than six hundred novels. In England, before moving to Canada, Brooke, Simcoe, Jameson, and Langton all moved in literary circles, and two of them – Brooke and Jameson – already had considerable literary reputations. Most likely they would have remained in England but for the illustrious careers of their husbands, which took them to Canada. Brooke's husband was the first Anglican chaplain in Quebec. Elizabeth Simcoe's husband was Upper Canada's first lieutenant governor. Anna Jameson was wife of Upper Canada's attorney general. Only Anne Langton didn't accompany a husband. From an aristocratic merchant family, she came to Upper Canada to keep house for her brother, a member of the assembly of the Province of Canada in the early 1850s.

Before coming to Canada with her husband John, Frances Brooke (1724–1789) edited a women's periodical, wrote drama, and was comanager with another female dramatist of the Haymarket Opera House. She wrote a novel, *The History of Lady Julia Mandeville*, which quickly ran to five editions and is still in print today. She translated a popular French novel, which had equal success. Her friends included Samuel Johnson, famous for his *Dictionary of the English Language*, the novelist Fanny Burney, and her mentor, Samuel Richardson, one of the most influential novelists of the eighteenth century. Her literary activity did not cease when she came to Canada. Living in Quebec in the decade following the decisive battle between the English and French for what became British North America, she was part of the social elite of a small provincial society, which she judged sophisticated and refined enough to provide the setting for

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The History of Emily Montague. So successful was her portrayal of contemporary life in the new British province that when Elizabeth Simcoe arrived in Quebec in 1791 she commented in her diary: "The woods are beautiful and we went to Sillery, that pretty vale Emily Montague describes, indeed her account of Quebec appears to me very near the truth."

Elizabeth Simcoe (1762–1850) was a faithful diarist. Born into the British gentry (her father served under General Wolfe in the 1759 expedition against Quebec), she was heiress to two family fortunes and lived at ease on a large estate in England. Privately educated, she was a skilled watercolour artist. When she left England with her husband, John Graves Simcoe, who was to take up his duties as lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, she began recording her impressions and opinions of the New World and sending them back in regular installments to her four young daughters. First published in 1911, *The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe, Wife of the First Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada 1792–96* reveals an intelligent, sophisticated woman responding to her unique circumstances at the centre of military, civil, and social life in Upper Canada. She and her husband spent the first winter in Quebec, then travelled by schooner and on horseback to Niagara, the temporary capital of the new province of Upper Canada. A year later they moved to York (Toronto), which was founded as the permanent capital. Until the Simcoes returned to England in 1796, Elizabeth travelled extensively in her husband's domain, her diary her constant companion.

Her initial impressions of her new home were not favourable. As the ship landed at Quebec City on November 11, 1791, she wrote:

> I was not disposed to leave the ship to enter so dismal looking a town as Quebec appeared. I … formed a very unpleasant idea of the town to which I was come and the dismal appearance of the old-fashioned inn I arrived at … was not prepossessing.

However these initial impressions were soon dispelled. Indeed, in one of the last diary entries upon returning to England, she laments that

> the fields looked so cold, so damp, so cheerless, so uncomfortable from the want of our bright Canadian sun that the effect was striking and the contrast unfavourable to the English climate.

Her diary, with its illustrations, reflects her keen appreciation of the possibilities of the new colony. She embraced the land and its people with enthusiasm and had an eye for the telling detail.

Like Frances Brooke, Anna Jameson (1794–1860) had an established literary reputation in England before coming to Canada. The daughter of a court painter to Princess Charlotte, only daughter of George IV, she was dedicated to learning from an early age, proficient in Shakespeare by the time she was ten, and fluent in French, Italian, Spanish, and German. In Germany, where she spent as much time as she did in England, she was part of a literary coterie that included the Goethe family. She was a scholar and an independent career woman, travelling throughout Europe while her husband Robert carried out his duties as attorney general of Upper Canada. By the time she joined her husband in Canada in 1836, she had seven books published, including *Memoirs of the Loves of the Poet*, which illustrated the influence women had over the character and writings of men of genius.

She came to Canada unwillingly, to save a marriage that ultimately could not be saved, and stayed only nine months. During that time, however, she wrote the book on which her reputation today rests, *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*. Her initial impressions were not flattering to the colony:

> I really do not know what I expected but I will tell you what I did *not* expect. I did not expect to find here in this new capital of a new country … the worst evils of our old and most artificial social system at home, with none of its *agrémens* and none of its advantages. Toronto is like a fourth- or fifth-rate provincial town, with the pretensions of a capital city.

While the first part of her memoir recounts the unpleasant winter she spent in Toronto, the second and more popular part, *Summer Rambles*, enthusiastically describes her two-month tour of Upper Canada, the first made alone by a white woman. Travelling through the southwestern part of the province, north to Sault Ste. Marie, and back to Toronto by way of Manitoulin Island, she made friends with all manner of people. Of a visit to a native wigwam, she wrote:

> The interior presented every appearance of comfort and even elegance, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good sized room: a raised couch ran all round like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds and covered with very soft matting of various colours and patterns. … everything looked neat and clean. … as it was Sunday, and they are Christians, no work was going forward. … They received me with genuine and simple politeness. … we then sat down and the conversation became very lively.

The book was a critical and popular success both in Canada and the United States, though her outspoken remarks on the pettiness of colonial life won her no admirers among the social elite at the time.

Like Anna Jameson, Anne Langton (1804–1893) received an extensive education. Her wealthy family sent her and her siblings to several European countries for their schooling, and Anne studied painting in Rome and Paris. Before she left England for Canada, she was a painter of some note. She is, however, the least known of the early literary ladies because her journals, titled *A Gentlewoman in Upper Canada*, were not published until 1950.

Unlike her compatriots who came to Canada as wives of dignitaries, Anne arrived in 1837 to keep house for her brother, first in Blythe and later in Peterborough. A member of

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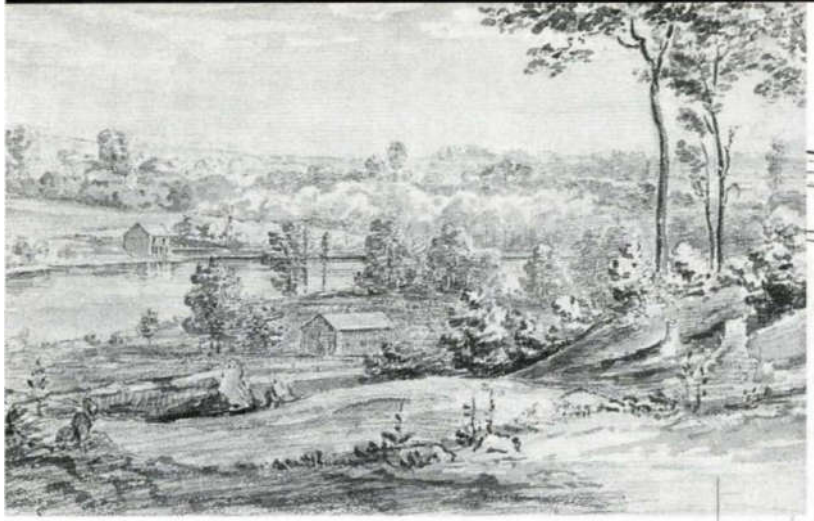

Anne Langton's first home *in Upper Canada was her brother John's cabin at Blythe. Though she recorded in her journal her dismay on arrival "of the greater degree of roughness" in the landscape, her later drawing (above) is somewhat more picturesque in the English tradition. The sketch of the interior (right), however, is unromanticized.*

the delegation that negotiated the terms of Confederation in London, John Langton became the Dominion of Canada's first auditor general in 1867. Anne Langton remained in Canada until her death in 1893.

More than the privileged Frances Brooke, Elizabeth Simcoe, or Anna Jameson, Langton faced the challenges of being an educated Englishwoman living in a log house in the bush. Her memoir is a vivid account of the life of a struggling pioneer woman. With her trained artist's eye, she was an excellent observer of the details of daily life, which she recorded with wit and humour:

> This month is ushered in busily. A pig was slaughtered today and my mother and I discovered that we are not quite perfect in the business yet, for the black puddings, which have rested with us for the first time, gave evidence of our inexperience. I am going to exercise my skill in shaping ham tonight. That I consider my special province. My mother shines in rolled pigs' head and Aunt Alice in pork pies.

On rare occasion her writing betrays feelings of discouragement or hardship:

> Our caterer I find, instead of a box of candles, has brought us a cask of tallow, much to our disappointment, having already abundance of work on hand. I have sometimes thought, and I may as well say it, now that it is a grumbling day – woman is a bit of a slave in this country.

But usually she accepted the difficulties life presented with good cheer:

> When I mention any of these primitive ways of doing things it is with the desire of making you more exactly conceive the precise style of civilization to which we have attained, not at all in the spirit of a grumbler, indeed, it would be absurd to make grievances of such things; and after fastening your window with a string around a nail, or shading it with a boat flag for a month, you are very apt to forget that there is any other sort of hasp or blind.

The romance of Frances Brooke's *Emily Montague*, the candour of Elizabeth Simcoe's diaries, the trenchant observations of Anna Jameson, and the domestic accounts of Anne Langton reveal the unique experiences of four British gentlewomen. Covering a wide sweep of Canadian history, from the years immediately following the Conquest until the late Victorian period, their writings bring insight to the world of family and community as well as to the larger world of politics and settlement. They also reveal, to their readers and countrymen, some of the first images of a fledgling country. They are indeed our first literary ladies.

Céline Kear, a past president of the Manitoba Historical Society, teaches courses on the role of women in the development of the novel.

et cetera

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Blueberry Warriors and Men w

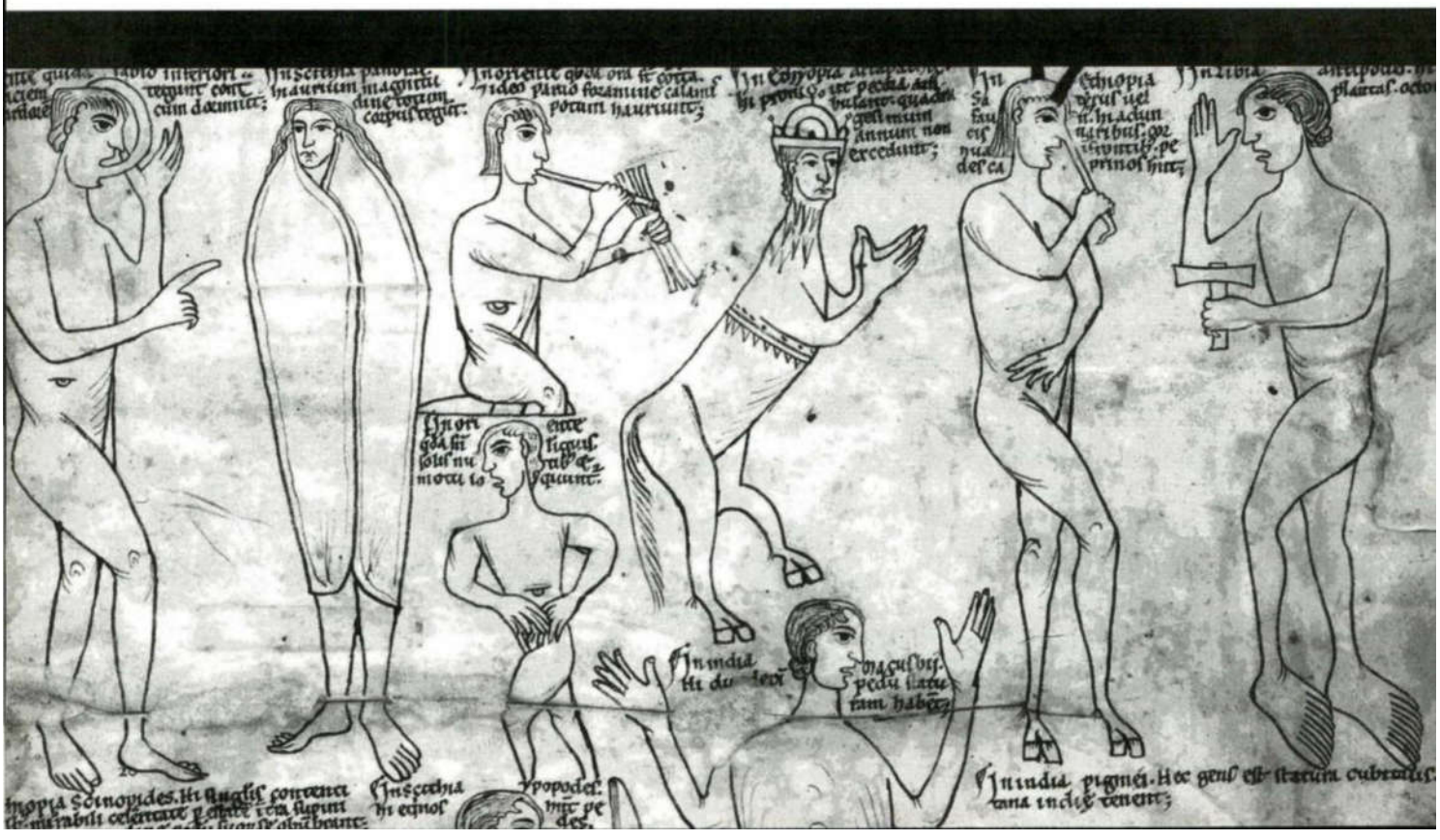
Fantasy & Folly in the New World

Contact between Europeans and First Nations in the Age of Exploration wasn't all solemnity and

As the late twelfth-century manuscript below indicates, in medieval times – beyond the boundaries of the European known world – monstrous races of beings were believed to live. Before Columbus's voyage, they inhabited such places as India, Ethiopia, and Cathay. But the same assumptions were carried to the New World with Columbus (see depiction of islands discovered by him, far right) and the early explorers. Sailing into exotic lands, Europeans expected to find fabulous beings, often possessing extra body parts or rearranged anatomies. They were surprised to find that physically – contrary to expectation – inhabitants of the Americas were strikingly similar to themselves. The natives, meanwhile, amused at their visitors' credulity, entertained themselves by telling tall tales. In the Caribbean, Columbus was told of one-eyed, dog-headed cannibals. On the St. Lawrence River, Jacques Cartier heard stories of people with only one leg or no anus.

Slightly over five hundred years ago, a Genoese named Christopher Columbus set sail from a port in Spain for lands that were then little more than rumour to most of the people of his hemisphere and, perhaps unwittingly, began an era that historians would thereafter glorify as the Age of Exploration. It was a momentous time for the nations involved – each was introduced to new people, new ideas, and new things. Many of the consequences were unfortunate. Some were tragic. But contact also brought humorous moments in which Europeans and Americans demonstrated just how alike they were to one another and, half a millennium later, to those of us living today.

Children are a perfect example. Whatever culture, religion, or historical era they happen to be born into, they all have at least two things in common: their brutal application



ith Horns:

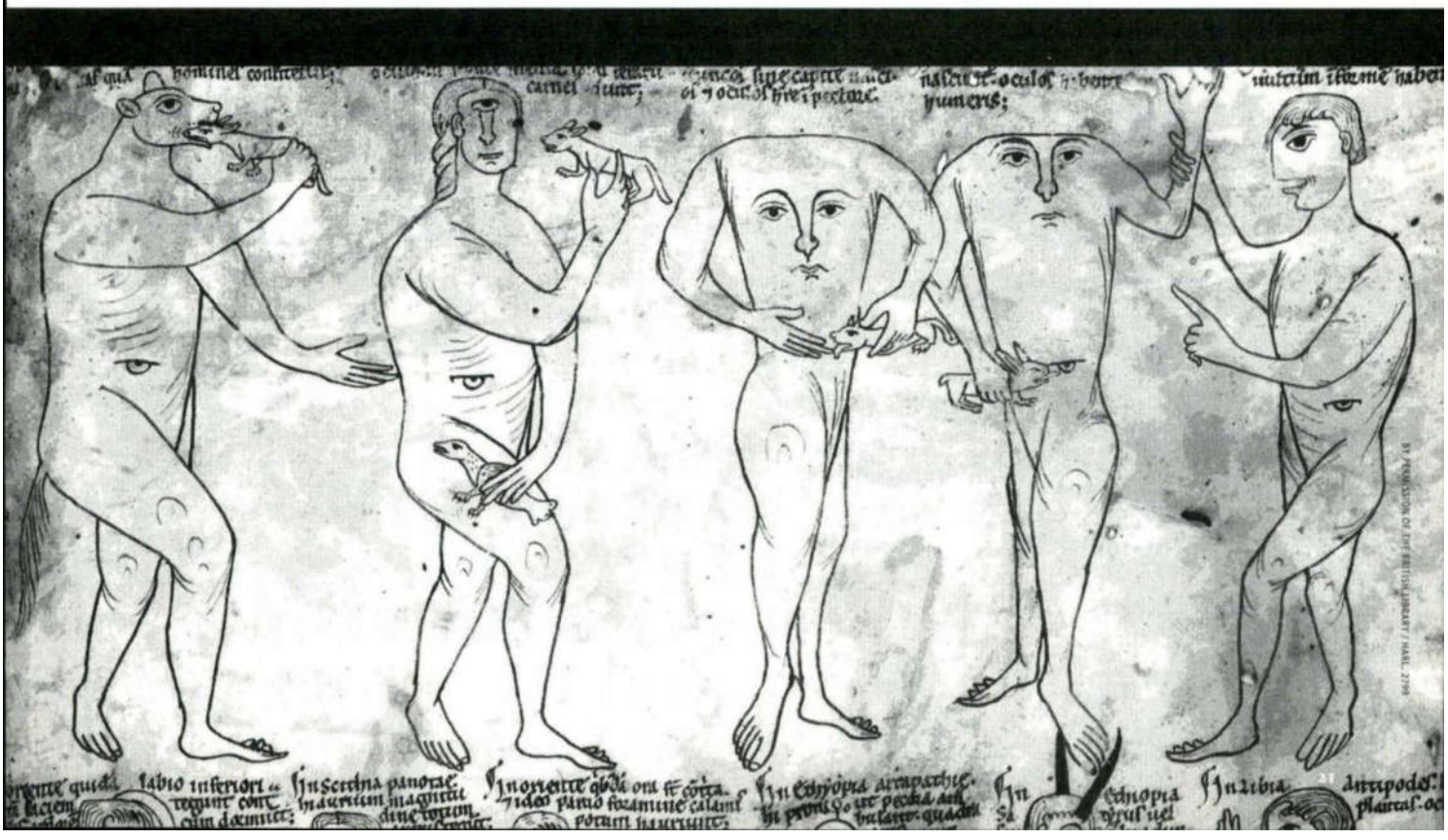
provocation. There **were** *lighter moments.*

by Joyce Wright

of logic to seemingly mundane situations and their uncanny ability to perceive when an individual (generally an adult) is being far too serious for his own good. François Marbois, secretary of the French legation to the newly formed United States, records an example of the first instance during a 1784 visit to the Oneida: A native boy took to the task of turning chickens on a spit for the evening meal with such care and precision that when the heat of the fire finally forced him to ask a friend to take over, he ended up tackling his friend and pummelling him for not performing the duty to his satisfaction. When questioned, he replied that he was upset with his friend for turning the spit in the opposite direction, thereby undoing all of his hard work by *un*roasting the chickens.

When Récollet missionaries first encountered the Huron, a confederacy of five Iroquoian-speaking tribes that once lived in the region south of Georgian Bay, the adults may have envisioned trading with another nation. But the children simply saw fresh targets for their daring. In what may well be the precursor to the old bucket-of-water-atop-the-door trick, young Huron boys almost four hundred years ago took great pride in stealthily approaching the dwelling of the visiting missionaries and cutting the cord that held up their door so that it would fall on the next unfortunate to cross the threshold. According to one of these missionaries, a good-humoured man named Gabriel Sagard, the mischievous perpetrators, like children everywhere, would then practise the time-honoured art of keeping a straight face as they vehemently denied their role in the prank. Meanwhile, however, they plotted. By the time the Jesuits had replaced the Récollet missionaries in Huronia, the children had devised a few new tricks. In winter, when the snows were deep and the air chill, they would throw snowballs through the smoke-hole of the Jesuits' roof. The priests, huddled around the fire inside, would watch the snowballs drop into the flames. The Jesuits weren't safe while attending to the members of their adopted flock, either. On more than one occasion, these dignified representatives of the Christian church were forced to duck swiftly as wayward cornstalks sailed over their heads.

Of course, children weren't the only ones who enjoyed a little lighthearted diversion from their everyday pursuits. The adults, too,



Among the monsters explorers expected to encounter beyond Europe were the Blemmyae (right), whose chief characteristic is the head set in the centre of the chest. They were sometimes described as great hairy men, occasionally armed with huge two-headed axes. The two-headed baby below, at centre, eyes Blemmyae and some other popular monsters of legend: Sciopod, Cyclops, and Doghead, printed in Sebastian Münster's Cosmographiae universalis, 1554.

often found ignoring their visitors' enticing combination of ignorance and credulity difficult, which may explain how Sagard, unfamiliar with beavers, came to accept a story about the rodent's haulage methods. When building their dens, some Huron wit earnestly informed him, large troops of beavers would lumber deep into the darkest regions of the forest, industriously cut down small trees and gather twigs, then select the eldest or laziest among them, make him lie down on his back, and carefully arrange the selected building materials on his belly. With his paws wrapped securely around his load, the supine beaver would then be hauled – in much the same manner as a sled or a wagon – to the den-building site.

However, the joking went both ways. A story in the *Jesuit Relations*, the missionaries' reports to their superiors, tells of a Huron man staring into the face of a Frenchman "with the most extraordinary attention and profound silence," exclaiming after considering him a long time, "Oh, the bearded man! Oh, how ugly he is!" Aware of the Huron horror of beards, the French tried to convince them that European women, too, had them. It was only after some Huron men happened to encounter Samuel de Champlain's young wife at the Quebec settlement that they understood that they had been made the butt of a joke, and that European women were, in fact, beardless.

For centuries prior to Columbus's momentous 1492 voyage, Europeans had indulged their taste for the exotic through an imaginative body of travel literature. In works such as the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* and Pliny's *Natural History*, readers were told of races of supposed subhumans inhabiting the earth's remotest regions, characterized by such physical deformities as multiple eyes, no head, or backwards feet. Because of this, Europeans who journeyed to the Americas fully expected to encounter monsters and were more than a little surprised when they did not. Almost all of their surviving journals and reports, in fact, include astonished references to the striking beauty of the people that they did encounter. At least one reference specifically indicated that they looked "quite human." These beautiful people, in turn, quickly assessed the situation and made good use of it. In the Caribbean, Columbus was told of one-eyed, dog-headed cannibals. On the St. Lawrence River, Jacques Cartier was subjected to tales of races of people lacking anuses or with only one leg. Europeans across the hemisphere were on the receiving end of many a very tall tale.

Donnacona, the Iroquois chief who was French explorer and navigator Jacques Cartier's primary contact in the St. Lawrence valley, exhibited a particular flair for such farce. Wishing to prevent Cartier from journeying into territory where he might establish trade agreements of which Donnacona was not a party, Donnacona made what you might call a devilish decision. He had three of his men paint their faces black, don black-and-white dog skins, and affix long horns to their heads. Then he had them paddle nonchalantly down the river past Cartier's anchored ship. As Cartier looked on, one of the men (in an ironic touch considering the Christians' own proclivity for preaching) made a marvelous speech as the other two paddled toward shore. The rest of Donnacona's people immediately seized the canoe with the men still in it and hauled it into the woods. Half an hour later, Donnacona's sons Taignoagny and Domagaya appeared before Cartier giving every sign of the utmost consternation. "Taignoagny began to speak and repeated three times 'Jesus,' 'Jesus,' 'Jesus,' lifting his eyes toward heaven. Then [Domagaya] called out 'Jesus,' 'Maria,' 'Jacques Cartier,' looking up to heaven as the other had done." Cartier was then duly informed that the appearance of the devils portended a most severe winter – so severe, in fact, that his journey would simply have to be cancelled.

Such dramatic enactments were probably relatively rare,

Europeans who journeyed to the Americas, fully expecting to encounter monsters, were more tha

This 1619 engraving, possibly from a verbal description, is the earliest known picture of an Odawa. One day during his governorship of New France, Samuel de Champlain encountered three hundred such figures in full battle dress outside their usual territory. Their chief told Champlain that his men were spending the day picking blueberries.

however. More often than not, Europeans were simply subjected to verbal accounts of the monsters and dangerous enemy nations that they could expect to find if they continued on their chosen course. But the reverse applied as well. When their native hosts wished them to go away or, at least, to journey in a particular direction, Europeans were told wondrous tales of gold, pearls, rubies, and spices. Though Christopher Columbus disbelieved the tales of one-eyed, dog-headed cannibals, he wholeheartedly accepted the story about an island inhabited entirely by women. In fact, only his ship's terrible state of disrepair and the need to get back to Spain kept him from immediately seeking out the island.

But such credulity is not always a reflection of ignorance. Sometimes one's wit simply operates at a lower ebb than normal – a phenomenon from which even historical figures were not exempt. In the early 1600s, when the first governor of New France Samuel de Champlain encountered three hundred Odawa warriors bearing clubs, bucklers, bows, and arrows, and sporting war paint and all of the other paraphernalia of men about to do battle (dressed to kill, so to speak), he didn't give a moment's pause at their chief's explanation for their presence outside of their accustomed territory. No doubt for years thereafter the Odawa word for "gullible" was associated with the name of the man who actually believed that three hundred battle-ready warriors were spending the day picking blueberries.

On another occasion, Champlain, known for his map-making skills, was so distracted by the appearance of a small, brightly coloured bird that he singlemindedly followed it deep into the forest as it flitted from tree to tree. By the time that the little bird – probably an eastern subspecies of the now-extinct Carolina parakeet – tired of the game and flew away, the explorer was thoroughly lost. He spent three nights alone in the cold winter woods before he was finally able to find his way back to his native allies, who chastised him soundly – and justifiably – for his foolishness.

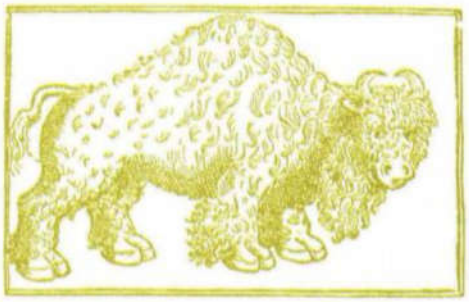
Like travellers of any era, the European explorers had to contend with the difficulties of foreign languages. This was particularly true in the Americas where different languages abounded. Some of the explorers, like Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who travelled for eight years through what is now Florida, Texas, and Mexico, discovered that they had a facility for multilingual communication. Others were less successful. After living and working among the Mohawk for twenty years, one seventeenth-century European trader simply concluded that they changed their entire language every two or three years. His difficulty, however, may not have been entirely his fault. Other visitors to the Americas, like Henri Joutel, who was part of the ill-fated La Salle expedition to Texas, discovered that the native words he was taught did not always mean precisely what he thought they did. He realized this when he noticed that at times his hosts would break into uproarious laughter whenever he attempted to speak their language.

Not only was the land and its people foreign to the Europeans; the wildlife, too, posed some unexpected surprises. Some species simply did not exist in Europe. Not knowing how to describe them for those at home, travellers often resorted to comparisons. Walruses were described alternately as "oxen" and "horses," beluga whales were said to have the head "of a greyhound," and bison, somewhat more reasonably, were called "hairy cattle." The lasting impression left by skunks simply earned them the titles of "Devil's Brats" and "Sons of the Devil" (*Fils diable*):

> *[It] is a low animal, about the size of a little dog or cat. I mention it here, not on account of its excellence, but to make of it a symbol of sin. ... It has black fur, quite beautiful and shining; and has upon its back two perfectly white stripes. ... at the first glance, you would say, especially when it walks, that it ought to be called Jupiter's little dog. But it is so stinking, and casts so foul an odor, that it is unworthy of being called the dog of Pluto. No sewer ever smelled so bad ... your heart almost fails you.*

By the late sixteenth century, the Europeans were so accustomed to encountering strange new animals that, on one occasion at least, they mistook men for beasts. During an expedition to find the elusive Northwest Passage, Martin Frobisher encountered a number of Inuit men hunting in their kayaks and, at first, thought them to be porpoises, seals, or "strange fish."

The French did get some



With no other points of reference for unfamiliar fauna found in the New World, chroniclers had to resort to common comparisons. Bison, for instance, were described as "hairy cattle." This 1552 woodcut is the first known published picture of a North American bison.

a little surprised when they did not.

of their own back, however, when they introduced donkeys to North America. The beasts, thankful to be ashore after their long voyage, "joyously brayed" as they were led off the ship. The gathered Huron, unaccustomed to large domesticated animals, immediately hightailed it into the nearby woods without a backward glance.

At least one European visitor also managed to leave an impression on the wildlife. Having sought a quiet spot in the woods to pray, the missionary Gabriel Sagard was spotted by a partridge. Slowly approaching the kneeling man, the bird looked him straight in the eye, studied him closely for some minutes, spread out its tail "like a peacock," and then unhurriedly walked back the way it had come, occasionally looking back at Sagard over its shoulder. Sagard documented the incident with some amusement but, considering the rest of his experiences with North American wildlife, the partridge was lucky to escape the gentle man's stew pot. Indeed, Sagard's description of the year that he spent in North America reads more like the jubilant adventures of a gourmand than of a Christian brother. As his ship approached the shores of the continent, Sagard sampled several marine species, including: cuttlefish ("very good when fried, like hard-boiled white of egg"), dolphin fish ("a little dry"), porpoise ("a great treat"), cod, and halibut ("very good ... fried and boiled in slices"). As the ship entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, birds and their eggs were added to the menu, including the now-extinct great auk. Even a walrus failed to evade the man's palate (apparently, it tastes somewhat like veal). Further up the Gaspé, he encountered lobster, trout, toads, hare, herrings, larks, sea urchins, and partridge. During the time that he spent with the Huron near the shores of the Great Lake that bears their name, he was able to sample, among many other things, dog ("rather like pork"), beaver ("most excellent"), and eagle ("very good").

He did, like many Europeans after him, have some difficulty consuming the Huron's customary fare, but then the Huron were equally disgusted when they caught him adding wild onions to his porridge. They tended to stay away on such occasions, declaring that Sagard's breath "smelt too bad." But, if the Huron in general were disgusted by their European visitor's choice of seasoning, one particular Huron man was rather surprised by the potency of one of their condiments. Not knowing that mustard was intended to be consumed with meat in small amounts, the old gentleman took a heaping spoonful

> *and this good fellow, wishing to show the strength of his courage, strove to keep his countenance. His tears, however, betrayed him, although he set his teeth and compressed his lips to the utmost; until at last the little maintenance of appearances and facial control that he possessed escaped him, and he was left highly astonished at the strength of that "yellow porridge."*

One of the Age of Exploration's most profound effects was its impact on the spiritual beliefs of the cultures of Europe and the Americas. In Europe, most people accepted as fact the Bible story of Genesis. But nowhere in Genesis was there an explanation for all of the "new" peoples that the Europeans began to encounter in the fifteenth century. Were they the descendants of Adam and Eve, or perhaps of Cain, or Noah's son, Ham? Could they even be descended from Eve and Satan? Meanwhile, the native peoples themselves were likewise speculating on the origin of the Europeans. The Iroquois, for example, hypothesized that they were the descendants of a supernatural man-being named Tawiscaron who, like the Christian Satan, was the personification of evil. The Inuit were even less flattering: They concluded that the Europeans must be the offspring of an unruly girl of their mythology whose father forced her to marry a dog.

Europeans were accustomed to worshipping a single deity in purpose-built structures (churches), supervised by a hierarchy of priests whose only task in life was to administer to their spiritual needs. In contrast, for most native cultures, spirituality was an integral component of everyday living. It didn't require special places or days. Occasionally someone who was believed to be particularly spiritual might be asked for assistance, but everyone was thought to be capable of communicating with the supernatural realm himself. For instance, when an Odawa man decided that the spirit of a nearby lake was responsible for the bad weather, he sacrificed a dog in the hope that the storm would abate. Apparently, reverence as understood by Christians was not part of the equation: "That is to appease thee," he said. "Keep quiet!"

Perhaps most misunderstood of all, however, was priestly celibacy. Although natives might exercise sexual abstinence for specific purposes (to become more spiritual, for example), it was never a permanent feature of their lives and they could not fathom why it should be so for anyone else:

> *One of the chief and most annoying embarrassments they caused us at the beginning of our visit to their country was their continual importunity and requests to marry us, or at least to make a family alliance with us, and they could not understand our mode of religious life ... and in these importunities the women and girls were beyond comparison more insistent and plagued us more than the men themselves who came to petition us on their behalf.*

Generally speaking, natives better tolerated the differences between people than their European visitors did. As one native man who had adopted Christianity explained to a Jesuit: "One should not be surprised ... at the little vexations that occur; we have indeed some disagreements in our own country, among our nearest relations, but we do not hate them nor leave them on that account; we look upon Father Daniel here as our Father; we have no inclination to leave him on account of little annoyances."

The people of the Age of Exploration first encountered one another as individuals, not as representatives of respective cultures. Humour arose as naturally as argument. To truly understand the past and to honour our collective ancestors, we must acknowledge the causes, not only of their conflicts, but of their laughter as well.

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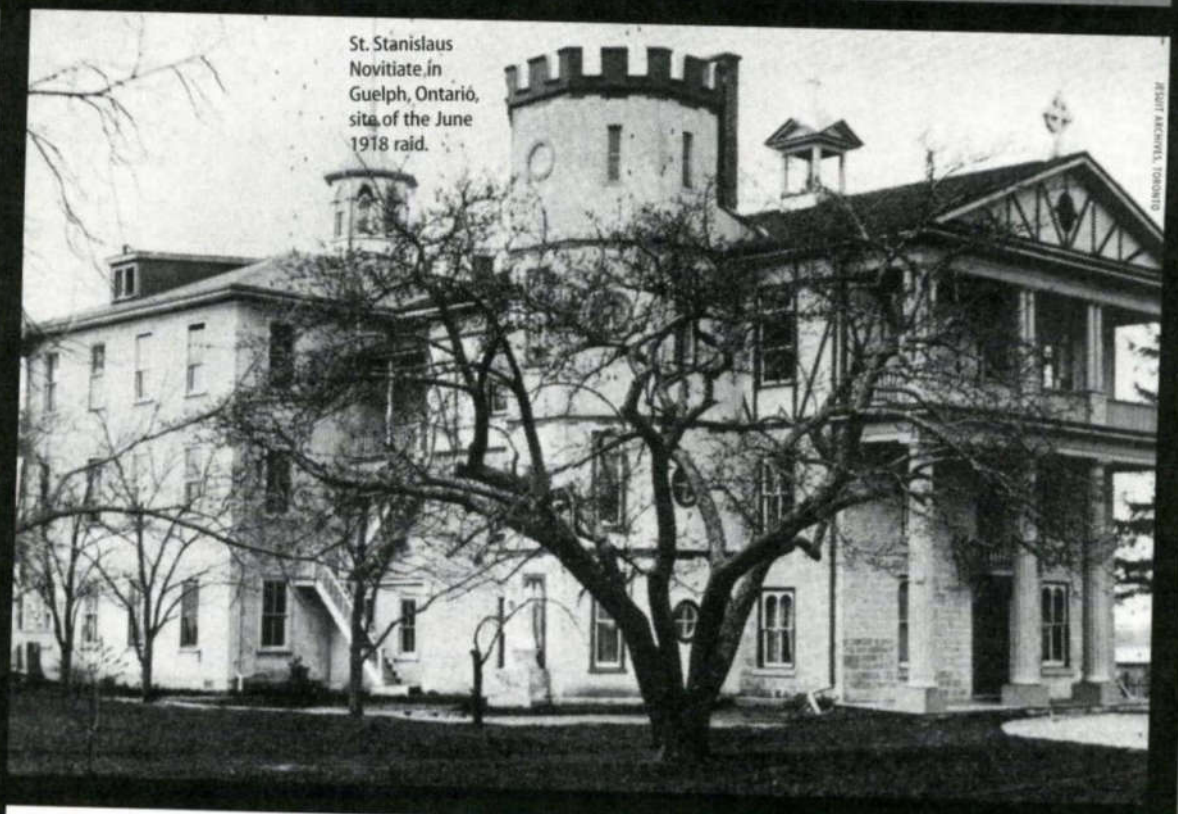


St. Stanislaus Novitiate in Guelph, Ontario, site of the June 1918 raid.

JESUIT ARCHIVES, TORONTO

The Guelph Raid

by Mark Reynolds

When police routed alleged World War I draft dodgers – including a cabinet minister's son – in a Catholic seminary in the heart of Orange Ontario, a national scandal erupted.

June 7, 1918: As the last light of the day disappears, a small force of militiamen surrounds a farmhouse on the outskirts of Guelph, Ontario. Under the cover of darkness, sentries are posted at every exit, and a uniformed guard is placed at the main gate of the property. At about nine o'clock their commanding officer, Captain A.C. MacAuley, approaches the front door of the house. Armed with orders to "clean out" the premises, MacAuley is searching for young men evading their obligations to fight for King and Country under the terms of the Military Service Act. The captain knew the institution he was about to raid was rumoured to hold dozens of young men of serving age. Perhaps he also had heard tales of the house's inhabitants smuggling armaments and digging underground tunnels into the nearby town.

Whether MacAuley was thinking of these things when he knocked on the farmhouse door is unknown. However, he was about to precipitate a national scandal. The son of a federal cabinet minister would be arrested amid allegations of conspiracy and intrigue, while Canada's religious and racial strife – already smouldering because of the conscription crisis – would be further inflamed. The "Guelph Raid" was the subject of public debate and speculation for almost a year before a royal commission was finally tasked to investigate it.

Of course, it was no ordinary farmhouse MacAuley wanted to search – the building was home to St. Stanislaus Novitiate, a training ground for Jesuit priests. When Father Henri Bourque – the priest in charge of St. Stanislaus – was summoned to a late-night knock on the novitiate door, he was shocked to find Captain MacAuley and his men demanding to search the premises. Though well aware of the rumours swirling around Guelph that told of young Catholic men avoiding service under the Military Service Act, Bourque was also intimately familiar with the act's terms.

The introduction of the MSA by the Union government of Sir Robert Borden in 1917 was intended to enable Canada to maintain fighting strength in the trenches of Europe during the Great War. Enlistment had been falling far behind casualties, and the prime minister had committed himself to putting half a million men on the front in order to help Britain defeat Germany.

The MSA was the tool to do this, but the bill was not strictly utilitarian – for some parliamentarians, it was punitive as well. When a number of students in Montreal rioted against conscription, English Canada was enraged. A small group of MPs with ties to the Orange Lodge (a Protestant fraternal order) insisted that the students be punished. Believing they were seminarians, the MPs successfully lobbied the government to remove a clause permitting the exemption for divinity students that was in the original version of the MSA.

This turned out to be the crux of the Guelph affair. Justice Minister Charles Doherty, an Irish Catholic from Montreal and one of the more competent men in Borden's cabinet, had tried his best to ensure that all divinity students, Protestant or Catholic, were exempted from compulsory service, as was the practice in the United States. But he was unsuccessful. The legislation passed in August 1917 exempting "clergy, including members of any recognized order of an exclusively religious character, and ministers of all religious denominations existing in Canada at the date of the passing of this act." But the legislation did not exempt divinity students. They were eligible for conscription.

Doherty had warned his colleagues of the consequences: Catholics studying to become priests receive tonsure, thus becoming members of a recognized religious order mere months after entering a seminary. Protestant divinity students do not become proper ministers until graduation. All the zealous MPs succeeded in doing was ensuring Protestant divinity students were drafted, where they had been exempt in Doherty's original draft. Catholic seminarians remained untouched, contributing greatly to suspicion of Catholics' loyalty to the British Empire.

Even before the outbreak of the war, Catholics had been subject to prejudice in English Canada. Charles Doherty had already had to stand up for his Catholic brethren when the extremely anti-Catholic Sir Sam Hughes, minister of militia and defence, forbade the participation of the Sixty-Fifth Battalion of Montreal in a Catholic event – the city's Corpus Christi parade in 1914. Though the obstreperous Hughes had the backing of his Orange lodge, the justice minister managed to get permission for the regiment to participate in the parade – without arms.

French-Canadian reluctance to go to the slaughterhouse of the Great War played into Orange charges of Catholics' dual loyalties. The avowed neutrality of Pope Benedict XV was an additional log to throw on the smouldering coals of anti-Catholicism.

Palmer was an enthusiastic fundraiser for the Union government and preached in favour of conscription – and frequently against Catholics – from his pulpit. The climate was ripe for an incident.

In Quebec, 99 percent of eligible draftees had applied for exemption from the MSA (not much worse than Ontario's 95 percent). Seminaries were a favourite place of refuge for Quebec evaders. However, there is no evidence that Catholics in English Canada were any more or less likely to serve than Protestants.

This didn't stop the rumours and demagoguery against "the Romish hordes." Newton Rowell, an Ontario MP, had delivered a speech in North Bay in December 1917 alleging that Quebec priests were involved in a nationalist plot to dominate all of Canada. His speech was carried in the Toronto *Globe*, which also carried a letter by Bishop Fallon of London, who appealed to Catholics to support the Union government and the war effort, despite "the vile and indefensible anti-Catholic propaganda that certain supporters of the Union government are conducting in its name."

Those supporters included among their number many a Protestant minister, and none was so fervent in the cause as Reverend Kennedy Palmer, a Presbyterian minister in Guelph, Ontario. A key member of the Guelph Ministerial Association, Palmer was an enthusiastic fundraiser for the Union government and preached in favour of conscription – and frequently against Catholics – from his pulpit.

The climate was ripe for an incident, and it wasn't long before one was forthcoming. While the administration of the MSA was under Charles Doherty's Department of Justice, there was a great deal of pressure to use the act to raid Catholic institutions.

In November 1917 Henry Westoby, the military representative for the Guelph area, requested the men of the novitiate to present themselves for medical inspection as a prerequisite to conscription. In response, Father Bourque made inquiries that reached as far as Hugh Guthrie, Guelph's MP and Canada's solicitor general. Guthrie informed Westoby that the men of the novitiate were exempted from the act.

That should have ended the matter, but it didn't. The press had frequently mentioned that Charles Doherty's son Marcus had entered St. Stanislaus. Reverend Kennedy and the Guelph Ministerial Association were pressuring Westoby and Guthrie to investigate the novitiate. The pressure was so strong that Westoby felt compelled to warn his superiors that unless something was done, "there is going to be an explosion, as the Ministerial body have determined to see the thing through."

Westoby was soon to get his chance. In late May 1918, responsibility for enforcing the MSA, which had belonged to both the civil police and the Department of Militia's military police, passed entirely to the latter. On May 30, Major J. Hirsch, assistant provost marshal for London, received a telegram from a superior asking him why the "students" at St. Stanislaus had not been called for duty.

Less than a week later, Hirsch received a memo from General S.C. Mewburn (Hughes's replacement as minister of militia and defence) that said: "I am informed through a very reliable source that there are several men at the Jesuit College, Guelph ... who are escaping military service. ... Can you have these cases followed up?" This memo was accompanied by a note – the interpretation of which would prove fateful – from Captain Tyndale of the Ottawa provost marshal's office. It read: "Might every effort be made, therefore, to have this place cleaned out at your earliest convenience."

Captain Hirsch then instructed his deputy assistant provost marshal, Captain MacAuley, to proceed to Guelph with Inspector Menard of the Dominion Police. He was instructed to take with him "a sufficient number of men to enable you to put a guard on all of the exits and outline to prevent escape. ... Please exercise the greatest tact and discretion in handling this matter."

Captain MacAuley had worked as a grocer and butcher before the war. At the outbreak of hostilities he enlisted in the militia and saw service in France and Belgium, fighting at the Somme with the Thirteenth Highlanders. He had been the deputy assistant provost marshal at London for fifteen months when he was ordered to Guelph. By all accounts he was a competent, if not outstanding, officer.

MacAuley and Hirsch, knowing how delicate an operation like this would be, were anxious not to further inflame passions in Guelph. After discussing the matter, they decided that MacAuley, Menard, and nine men from the Dominion Police would go to the novitiate in plainclothes. They left London by train in the late afternoon.

MacAuley took the greatest pains to ensure that suspicion was not aroused in the town. On arrival at the train station, he instructed his party to split up, disembark on opposite sides of the carriage, and make their way by ones and twos to the armouries. After receiving their instructions and a quick supper, the men proceeded by streetcar to the novitiate, observing the same precaution of disembarking separately.

After a survey of the grounds, MacAuley placed three men around the main building and one at the entrance to the property. The rest waited on the veranda behind MacAuley as he and Menard approached the door.

When Father Henri Bourque was confronted with seven men in civilian clothes demanding to search the premises, he was understandably upset. Bourque had been both rector and master of novices at the novitiate since its founding in 1913. A French-Canadian, Bourque was well-respected amongst his fellow Jesuits for his candour and strength of character.

Ushering his uninvited guests into the sitting room, Bourque sent for two visitors who happened to be at the novitiate that night – Father William Power, superior of the Jesuits in Canada, and Father William Hingston, who was on leave from his duties as a chaplain with the Fifth Divisional Artillery. Hingston entered the drawing room in the full regimental uniform of a captain, to MacAuley's evident consternation. Hingston asked on what authority MacAuley acted. Flashing his deputy-assistant-provost-marshal brassard, MacAuley – who by all accounts was surly and bullying throughout the evening – said, "*This* is my authority." Hingston asked for written orders. MacAuley, who believed a guest of the novitiate had no right to ask, refused to show them. MacAuley then produced a regulation that stated that he (MacAuley) needed to show written authorization to search the premises. Inexplicably he still refused to show that authorization, although he did apparently have Hirsch's orders with him.

After much delay and argument, MacAuley finally said he was going to go ahead with his search. Feeling "the victims of force," as Hingston put it later, the priests complied under protest and the men of the novitiate were presented to MacAuley and Menard in the dining room.

There were approximately three dozen young men at the novitiate at this time, brothers, workers, and novitiates. MacAuley and Menard took opposite sides of the room, asking each his age and the date he entered the novitiate.

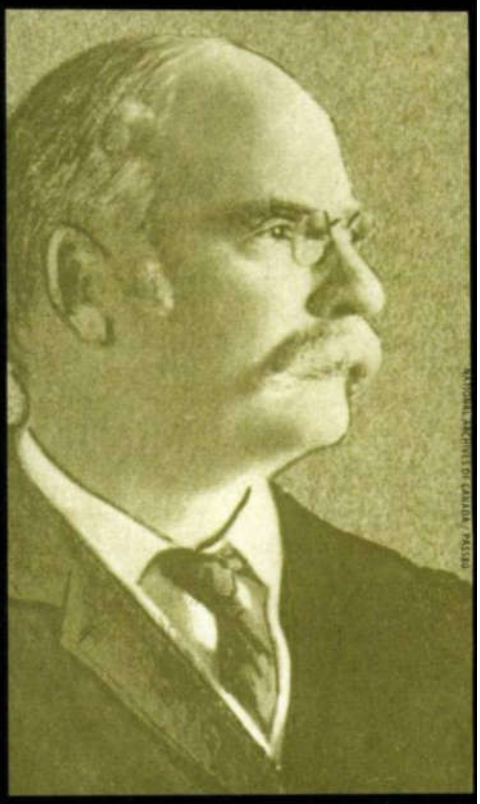
Because none of the men produced certificates exempting them from service, MacAuley decided that all were defaulters. However, he only arrested three whose names were known to him – George Nunan, Andy Schmidt, and Marcus Doherty, son of Charles Doherty.

Before being taken to the local barracks, the three were escorted to their quarters to dress. While Nunan and Schmidt were getting their coats, their escort noticed the novices' penance chains (usually worn as a belt) on the bed stands, and not knowing what they were, asked if the men were locked up at night. Arrest had not dampened the mischievous spirits of the men; according to one, they left the man with the impression he had discovered a deep, dark Jesuit secret.

Joking aside, the situation was dire, and one of the priests advised Marcus to call his father in Ottawa. Marcus

JESUIT ARCHIVES, TORONTO

Charles Joseph Doherty (1855–1931), right, was justice minister in Robert Borden's Union government when the Military Service Act became law in 1917. An Irish Catholic from Montreal, he unsuccessfully lobbied for the exemption of all divinity students, Catholic and Protestant, from compulsory military service, but Ontario Protestants, angry at Montreal student protesters, prevailed. Doherty's son Marcus was a novice at St. Stanislaus Novitiate in Guelph, Ontario during the passage of the MSA. Embarrassing Doherty Sr. may have figured in the 1918 seminary raid.



Reverend Henri Bourque, S.J. (1868– 1943), above, was rector of St. Stanislaus Novitiate and its director of novices during the Guelph raid. When news of the raid hit the papers, he turned into an able spokesman for the Church, helping to turn the mainstream press against his Protestant adversaries.

Reverend William Hales Hingston, S.J. (1877–1964), below, a chaplain with the Fifth Divisional Artillery, was an overnight visitor at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, June 7, 1918. He challenged the police authority for searching the premises, but, with the other seminary officials, complied under protest.

JESUIT ARCHIVES, TORONTO

Reverend Kennedy Palmer (below), a Presbyterian minister in Guelph, agitated for conscription and against Roman Catholics. As a key member of the Guelph Ministerial Association, he pressed for an investigation of St. Stanislaus Novitiate to root out the young men he believed were avoiding compulsory military service. So zealous was his opposition to what he believed were state machinations in favour of Catholic privilege, he forced a parliamentary royal commission. The commission, however, decided his charges were without foundation.

JESUIT ARCHIVES, TORONTO

Marcus Doherty, shown above, foreground, in 1917 at Loyola College, Montreal, where he was a student and altar server, was accused of entering seminary to avoid conscription based on his father's foreknowledge of the Military Services Act. In fact, Marcus had tried to enlist, but had been declared medically unfit. He entered St. Stanislaus Novitiate on March 30, 1918 and enjoyed a long career as a Jesuit father. He died in 1970.

was lucky. The minister had been scheduled to be in Montreal that evening, but a strong sense of foreboding kept him in the capital instead. Once on the line, the elder Doherty informed MacAuley that he was acting against the law. Concerned for his son, and angered by this clear breach of the law, the minister called Major-General Ashton, who was then acting on behalf of General Mewburn. Ashton in turn called MacAuley at the novitiate, and ordered him to retire for the night, leave the novices at St. Stanislaus, and submit a full report of his activities.

This series of phone calls took a few hours to accomplish. Meanwhile, the temperature outside had grown chilly. MacAuley's operation had gone from clandestine raid, to disaster, and finally – as his chilled men came into the novitiate to be served cocoa by the priests – to farce. The good captain even had to borrow Marcus Doherty's coat for his ignominious retreat back to the barracks for the night.

No matter how total his victory, Father Bourque was still incensed at the treatment he and his charges had endured. The following morning, Bourque wrote a lengthy letter to General Mewburn, detailing the events of the previous night, saying "it would be hard to devise a clumsier or more exasperating manner of extorting information ... than that of bringing a posse of armed men ... to a peaceable religious house."

General Mewburn wrote back immediately to apologize for the actions of his subordinates and assured Bourque that "the error of judgement committed by this officer would be dealt with in the proper way." Days later, the chastened MacAuley was transferred to Winnipeg as punishment.

Both Mewburn and Charles Doherty decided that if the June 7 event was publicized, it would only inflame religious tensions and embarrass the military. They resolved to suppress the story, and the press censor's office ordered newspapers not to report on the incident.

For Reverend Palmer and his colleagues in the Guelph Ministerial Association this was unacceptable. Despite MacAuley's cloak-and-dagger antics, they were aware – as was the town of Guelph – that the novitiate had been searched and Doherty's son arrested. They believed that censorship had been imposed to cover up Jesuit wrongdoing. Ironically, the Jesuits also wanted the censorship lifted to nip the rumours of malfeasance in the bud. Ten days after the raid, both Bourque and the ministerial association wrote to Mewburn asking him to lift the ban.

It soon ceased to matter, as the *Toronto Star* broke the news blackout on June 19 after a visit from W.D. Spence of the Guelph Ministerial Association. The paper sent a reporter to St. Stanislaus to investigate Spence's allegations. Father Bourque, showing himself to be an astute master of spin, received the reporter most courteously and gave him a tour of the grounds. Bourque quickly proved himself to be a favourite of the media; a fellow priest remarked that "if you ask him one thing, he'll tell you everything."

With the mainstream press and the politicians against him, Palmer appeared to have lost his crusade. As more information came out, it became clear that none of the nineteen men Palmer claimed to have entered the novitiate after the MSA was passed was of serving age.

However, he would not be dissuaded. Speaking to his congregation in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Palmer said that the only reason Marcus was in the novitiate was because his father had foreknowledge of the MSA. The Doherty family had already lost its eldest son to the trenches, and Palmer accused the justice minister of trying to protect his youngest.

Charles Doherty replied that Marcus had in fact tried, against his wishes, to enlist. Happily for the justice minister, Marcus had been declared Class 'E' – medically unfit.

Palmer then tried to focus on novitiate culpability for the other two arrested men. Unfortunately for Palmer, George Nunan had entered the novitiate before he was of draft age. The preacher then claimed Lay Brother J. Patrick O'Leary was a fugitive from the act, and had fled conscription twice. In fact, the opposite was true. O'Leary had tried to enlist three times before making it into the forces, only to be discharged ten months later as medically unfit. One week after the raid he enlisted again and was taken on as an officer's batman.

Speaking to his congregation ... Palmer said that the only reason Marcus was in the novitiate was because his father had foreknowledge of the MSA.

The novitiate itself yielding no fruit, Palmer and his colleagues changed tactics. He went on a speaking tour of the western provinces and Ontario, while *The Sentinel*, an Orange paper, and various Orange lodges carried on a letter-writing and pamphleteering campaign that focused on the government's conduct. They accused Charles Doherty of improperly interfering with a local police investigation. They alleged that the press censorship was put in place to protect the Jesuits and that the MSA itself was deliberately changed to protect Catholics.

The solution Palmer advocated was a parliamentary inquiry, and by holding "indignation meetings" in various towns he managed to keep the pressure on the government to act.

These were serious charges, but they were not the only ones in the air. On June 24, Lieutenant-Colonel Machin, director of the Military Service Act branch of the Ministry of Justice, (and an Anglican), stated in an interview with the Montreal *Gazette* that the Guelph raid was the result of a "powerful cabal" in cabinet aligned against Doherty. He also alleged undue Orange and Methodist influence in Ottawa politics. The papers responded to Machin's allegations with glee, but Doherty was placed in an awkward position. The breach of protocol was embarrassing, but firing a Protestant speaking on behalf of Catholics would do more harm than good. Machin kept his job, but had to retract his statements on Methodists.

However, it turned out Machin's allegations of a parliamentary plot were somewhat prophetic.

In April 1919, Sir Sam Hughes took up the issue of the raid in Parliament. Echoing Palmer's refrain that Doherty had acted improperly for interfering with the raid, and further arguing that General Mewburn had made a scapegoat out of MacAuley, Hughes demanded an investigation. After some debate, a royal commission was struck, chaired by Justice W.E. Middleton of Ontario and Justice J.A. Chisolm of Nova Scotia.

For five days in September the Guelph raid was again on the front pages. Palmer testified, as did Hughes, the senior Doherty, Generals Mewburn and Ashton, and all the senior priests of the novitiate.

The hearings were marked by several moments of drama. Doherty's tearful testimony led to the withdrawal of the charge of interfering on his son's behalf, as well as an unexpected panegyric from Hughes. Nearly breaking down himself, Hughes praised his colleague as "an old soldier ... [who] if he had forty boys he would put his sons in the Service if they were fit."

It was Palmer and his counsel who aggressively tried to discredit the Jesuits. They first questioned the Jesuit doctrine on lying, and when that proved barren ground, tried to insinuate that receiving tonsure did not make the novices members of the order. As their case fell apart and it became clearer that the commissioners did not favour their arguments, they even tried to argue that the Jesuits were only a legally recognized order in Quebec, not in Ontario.

The commissioners' final report found every one of the charges brought by Hughes and Palmer to be without foundation. Although some papers screamed that Ottawa was "Dodging the 'Curse of Rome,'" many editorialized that the issue shouldn't have gone so far as a royal commission in the first place. The novitiate was completely exonerated, and the Honourable Charles Doherty commended for his delicate handling of a tense and personally trying political situation.

Most embarrassing for the military, the commission discovered that, but for a transcription error, the raid may not have happened at all. The memo Hirsch received in London and relayed to MacAuley requesting that the novitiate be "cleaned out" had been originally phrased as "cleaned up"–the implication being visited and names taken, not raided.

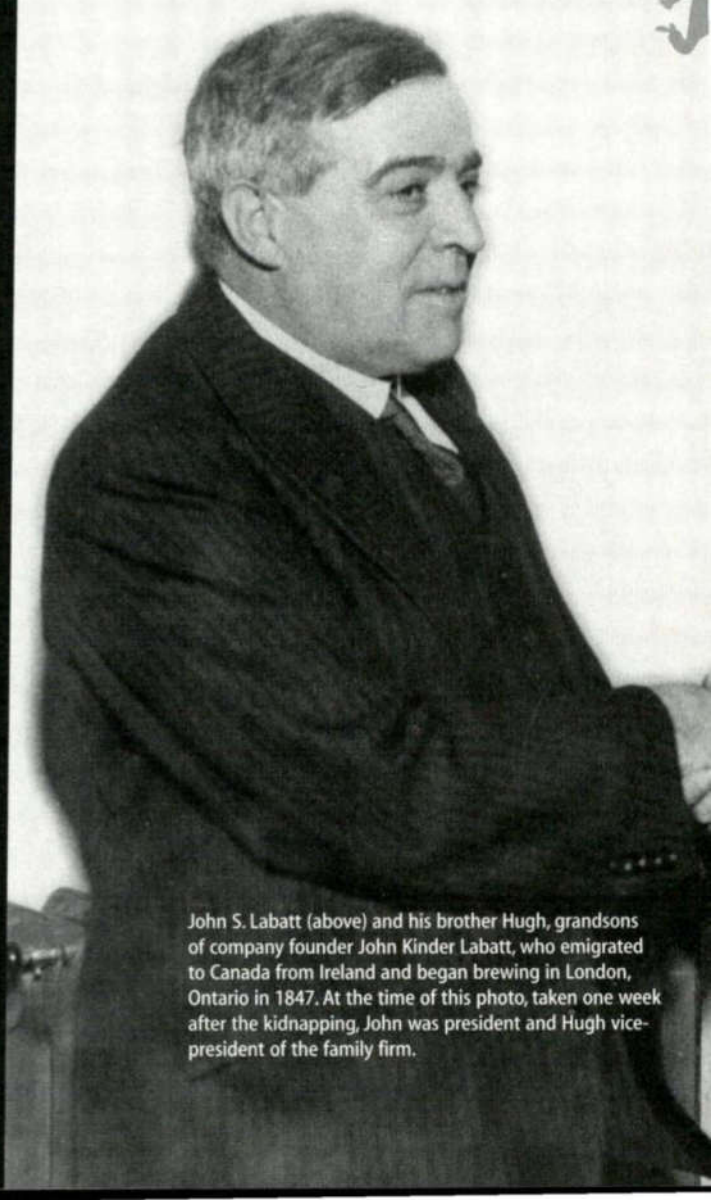
Both Marcus Doherty and George Nunan went on to enjoy long careers as Jesuit priests. In subsequent years, Doherty was fond of telling the story of the raid. He always placed a special emphasis on being called with the other two arrested novices to see Father Bourque the morning after the raid. Bourque told the novices that they had suffered persecution for justice's sake, and that this persecution, coming as it did on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, was a good omen for the future success of their vocation.

Saying that never before had the senior priest spoken to them so intimately, Doherty recalled that "I felt–I cannot speak for the others–a bit overcome." ◘

Mark Reynolds is a Montreal writer. His last article, "Toot Sweet: When Jazz Ruled Montreal," appeared in the June/July 2001 edition of the *Beaver*.

THE KIDNAP

On the morning of August 14, 1934, brewery tycoon John Labatt, president of John Labatt Ltd., one of Canada's biggest businesses, left his summer residence at Lake Huron on what should have been a routine one-hour drive to the firm's headquarters in London, Ontario. He never arrived. Shortly after noon, his younger brother Hugh, vice-president of the firm, received a telephone call at his home (his number was listed in the telephone book) from a man calling himself "Three-Fingered Abe." He said Labatt's car would be found at a north-end London hos-



John S. Labatt (above) and his brother Hugh, grandsons of company founder John Kinder Labatt, who emigrated to Canada from Ireland and began brewing in London, Ontario in 1847. At the time of this photo, taken one week after the kidnapping, John was president and Hugh vice-president of the family firm.

PING OF JOHN LABATT

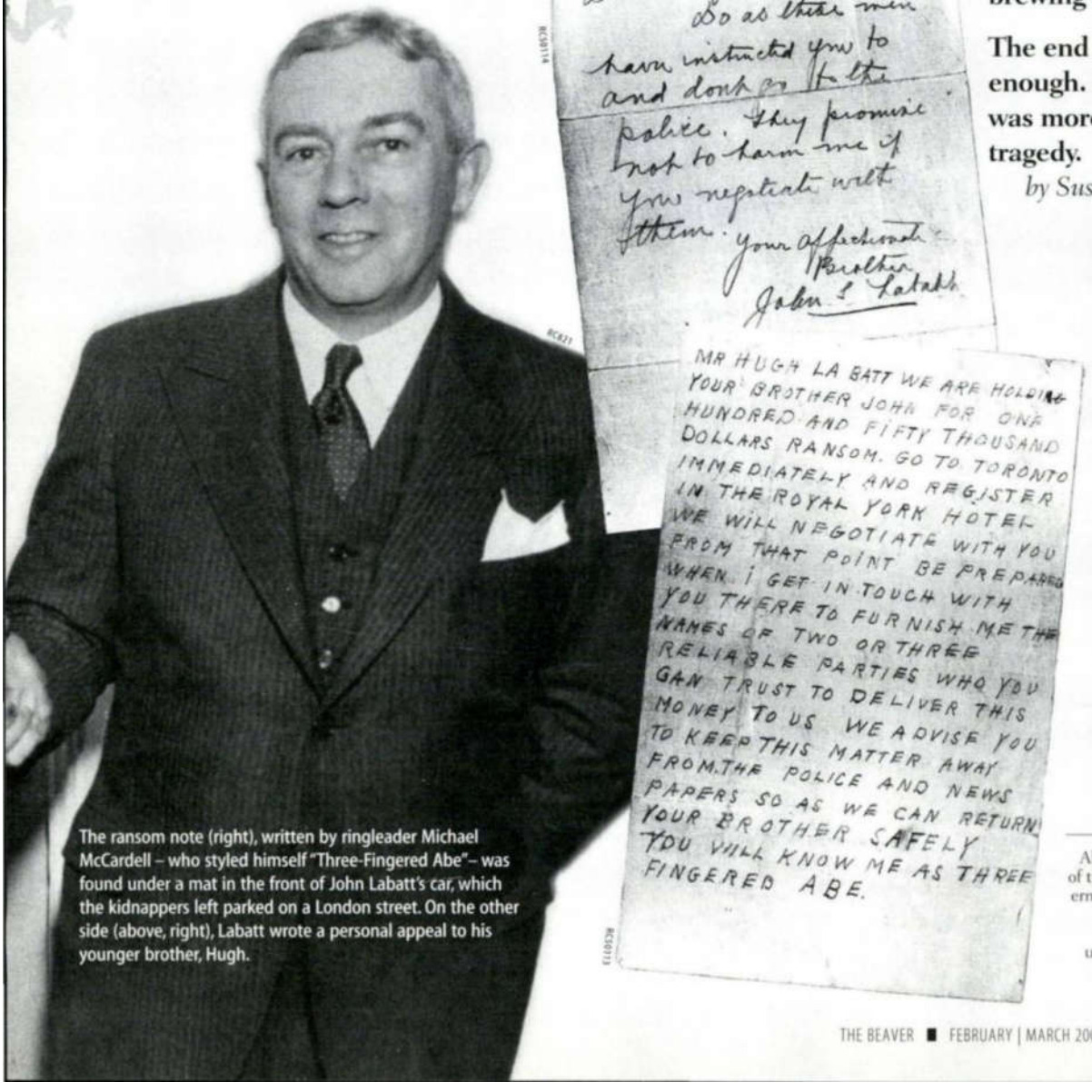
There was almost a vogue for kidnapping in the early 1930s. Charles Lindbergh's baby was snatched from his crib in 1932 and cruelly murdered. A dozen other abductions south of the border kept readers glued to their newspapers. But Canada remained relatively free of such crimes. Until a gang of rum-runners targetted John Labatt, wealthy scion of a London, Ontario brewing family.

The end came soon enough. But it was more farce than tragedy.

by Susan Goldenberg

pital with a note under the front seat that should be "acted upon immediately." Then he hung up abruptly. The note demanded $150,000 – the equivalent of $2 million today – within twenty-four hours or Labatt would be killed.

Thus started one of Canada's most famous and strangest criminal cases in which suspense, comedy, injustice, and precedents were intermingled. It was an international media sensation, including front-page coverage in the *New York Times*, because Labatt was the first important Canadian business figure to be abducted for a high ransom. It was the first kidnapping in Canada to come to trial. (Coincidentally, on the very day Labatt was kidnapped, three men were committed for trial for planning to abduct Canada Packers president J.S. McLean, but no actual attempt was made.) There were four Labatt kidnap trials with some of Canada's most colourful lawyers and judges. A wrong man was convicted – the first recorded major instance of mistaken identity to occur in Canadian courts. The prosecutor who obtained the conviction later



Aug 14th 1934

Dear Hugh.
Do as these men have instructed you to and don't go to the police. They promise not to harm me if you negotiate with them. Your affectionate Brother John J. Labatt

MR HUGH LA BATT WE ARE HOLDING YOUR BROTHER JOHN FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS RANSOM. GO TO TORONTO IMMEDIATELY AND REGISTER IN THE ROYAL YORK HOTEL WE WILL NEGOTIATE WITH YOU FROM THAT POINT BE PREPARED WHEN I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU THERE TO FURNISH ME THE NAMES OF TWO OR THREE RELIABLE PARTIES WHO YOU CAN TRUST TO DELIVER THIS MONEY TO US WE ADVISE YOU TO KEEP THIS MATTER AWAY FROM THE POLICE AND NEWS PAPERS SO AS WE CAN RETURN YOUR BROTHER SAFELY YOU WILL KNOW ME AS THREE FINGERED ABE.

The ransom note (right), written by ringleader Michael McCardell – who styled himself "Three-Fingered Abe" – was found under a mat in the front of John Labatt's car, which the kidnappers left parked on a London street. On the other side (above, right), Labatt wrote a personal appeal to his younger brother, Hugh.

All illustrations courtesy of the University of Western Ontario D.B. Weldon Library J.J. Tadman Regional Collection unless otherwise noted.

testified in a retrial that he had come to believe the man had been wrongfully convicted.

John Labatt, fifty-four in 1934, was the father of three young children, one just four months old. He had suffered several heart attacks and was on medication for his weak heart. One year earlier he had outwitted would-be kidnappers who tried to abduct him while he was boating with two of his children. Because of the 1932 kidnap-murder of Charles Lindbergh's baby son, he had hired guards to protect his children. His mother-in-law constantly implored him to "be careful because you are very well off."

Yet on August 14 he was driving alone, although he could easily have afforded either a chauffeur or a bodyguard. He took a shortcut along a little-used side road, intent on being punctual for an appointment at Labatt's. Noticing a car following him rapidly, he slowed down to let it pass. Shortly afterwards, he was startled to see the same car heading straight at him. Fearing a collision, he stopped. Suddenly, three men leaped out of the car and ran towards him. The ringleader pulled out a gun, ordered Labatt out of his car, thrust a writing pad at him, and ordered him to write down the date and these words: "Dear Hugh: Do as these men have instructed you to do and don't go to the police. They promise not to harm me if you negotiate with them. Your affectionate brother, John S. Labatt."

Labatt was then pushed into the kidnappers' car and instructed to put on black glass goggles with sidepieces on them and black sticking plaster covering the inside of the lenses. The car then raced up north towards the Muskoka cottage country.

The kidnappers – ringleader Michael McCardell, Russell Knowles, Jack Bannon, and Albert Pegram – were all in their early forties. Based in the United States, they were out-of-work rumrunners desperate for cash after the repeal of Prohibition in 1933 in the United States dried up their illegal trade. They had invited a fifth man, small-time gambler David Meisner of Covington, Kentucky, to join them, but he refused. Yet, through a series of mishaps, he would wind up being convicted as the mastermind of the kidnapping.

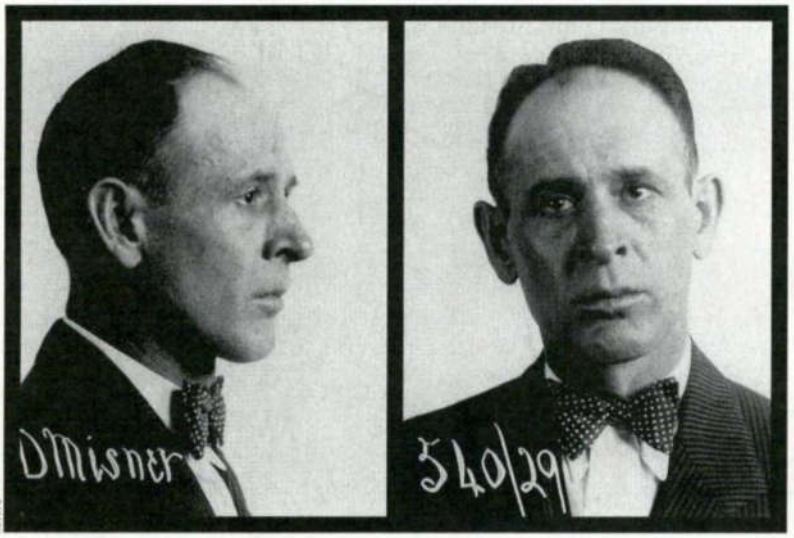
The kidnappers were not the brightest of people. The hideaway cottage they rented in Muskoka was not isolated; it was near many others in a summer cottage camp. Instead of keeping to themselves, they went to the neighbouring cottage for water and aroused suspicions with their American accents and city rather than sports clothes. They fed Labatt, whom they shackled to a bed with a dog chain, so much food he got indigestion. They chose Toronto's Royal York Hotel as the place where they would collect the ransom from Hugh Labatt, even though it was the largest hotel in the British Empire, filled around the clock with hotel employees, guests, house detectives, and reporters looking for a story.

Knowles, who was assigned to collect the ransom, chose to stay at another of Toronto's finest hotels, the King Edward, and dine in its splendid dining room. A diner who invited Knowles to join him turned out to be an RCMP officer sent from Ottawa to work on the kidnapping case, but

Unwisely, the kidnappers chose a cottage (above, left) at a popular Muskoka campsite to hold their hostage and aroused suspicions with their American accents and city clothes.

The interior of the cottage (above, right) where Labatt was held hostage in 1934. Labatt was shackled to the bed with a dog chain and fed so much food he got indigestion.

David Meisner (below) was a small-time Kentucky gambler who was approached by Labatt's kidnappers to join them in their scheme, but he declined. Nevertheless, he was charged with the crime after Labatt incorrectly identified him from police mug shots. He was sentenced to fifteen years in Kingston penitentiary, but was released thirteen months later, after three of the four kidnappers – Michael McCardell, Russell Knowles, and Jack Bannon – were brought to justice.

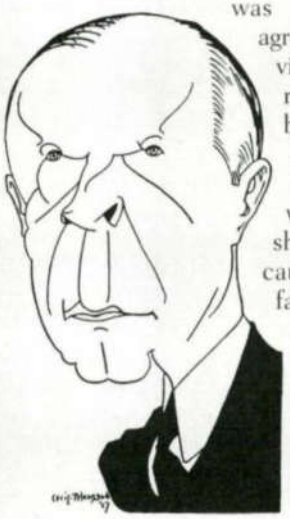


Defending David Meisner, the wrongfully accused kidnapper of John Labatt, was Charles Bell (above, right), then Canada's most famous criminal lawyer. Not only was he a successful attorney, he was a notable playwright whose comedies were played on Broadway, and a member of parliament for a Hamilton riding. Despite his reputation, however, he failed to get his client acquitted. Only at a later trial was Bell able to have Meisner exonerated.

Knowles did not let slip who he was. While the kidnappers had warned Hugh Labatt in a ransom note to "keep this matter away from the police and papers" or his brother would be killed, the kidnapping quickly became known to the newspapers. Afraid of being caught, Pegram, the getaway driver of the gang, fled with their car instead of meeting Knowles. Knowles had to take a bus to Muskoka and then walk nineteen kilometres late at night to the hideaway cottage. Worried that Pegram might have "squawked" on them to the police, they decided to release Labatt. They asked a rumrunner acquaintance who happened to be in Muskoka to drive them and Labatt to northern Toronto just after midnight on August 17, then gave Labatt cab fare to the Royal York Hotel. Labatt walked undetected past police and reporters to the front desk to ask for his brother. Fortunately, on his return home, a medical examiner found that his heart had not been adversely affected by the ordeal.

Shortly after, on being shown police mug shots, Labatt wrongly identified Meisner as the chief kidnapper. There was a faint resemblance, but McCardell was much taller, heavier, and considerably younger than the fifty-five-year-old Meisner. Seeing his picture splashed all over the papers, Meisner confidently surrendered to the police, certain that the mistake would be realized. He was accompanied by Knowles who could have instantly saved Meisner. (Knowles correctly calculated that he himself was not in jeopardy because a few days earlier police had arrested him on suspicion he was connected with the crime, but had quickly released him for lack of proof.) It was the beginning of a long nightmare for Meisner; instead of being cleared he was charged with kidnapping. But there was someone who believed in his innocence – Canada's most famous criminal lawyer of the day, Charles Bell.

Bell was also a successful playwright whose farces were performed on Broadway. In 1921 one of his plays, *The Dislocated Honeymoon*, was converted into a musical, *A Dangerous Maid*, for which the music and lyrics were composed and written by George and Ira Gershwin, then in their early twenties. One of the songs, *Boy Wanted*, became a Gershwin classic. Bell had a third career as a member of Parliament. Then fifty-nine, Bell was known as "the man who gets them all off." Convinced Meisner was innocent, Bell agreed to defend him virtually for free. "I remembered the barrister's oath I had taken thirty-five years earlier, which says 'You shall refuse no just cause.' And I have faithfully kept that oath all through the intervening years," he said.



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The Meisner trial, from January 30 to February 6, 1935, took place in London's extraordinary century-old courthouse, which resembled a Gothic castle with octagonal towers and crenellated turrets. (It is now the Middlesex County Building; London is the county seat of Middlesex.) Labatt was protected by three privately hired bodyguards, even though he did not leave the courthouse during the recesses. The trial coincided with that of Bruno Hauptmann, charged with kidnapping Lindbergh's son, and was just as sensational.

Labatt adamantly insisted Meisner was the kidnappers' ringleader. He declared he could see him – even the white film of what seemed to be a cataract in Meisner's left eye that he had not mentioned originally – through the tape on his eyes. He was not the only witness to mistakenly identify Meisner; twelve people from the Muskoka area did, too. "Perversion of evidence at trial? Not at all," Bell later wrote in *Who Said Murder?*, a memoir of his famous cases, including the Labatt one. "Half the

witnesses who give evidence anywhere don't say what they remember but what they have argued themselves into believing must have happened. It's not a question of bad faith but merely a state of mind."

Meisner had believed he had an airtight alibi from two Covington detectives, Albert Seiters and Leroy Hall, that he was in Covington on August 17, 1934, the last day of Labatt's captivity. Hall testified that Meisner was among the gamblers he was assigned to keep tabs on, and that he had spotted Meisner in a large crowd watching him and other detectives bring in some prisoners by train. But when Crown attorney Norman Newton asked for Hall's record sheet of the incident, it bore the date September 17. Newton further discredited Hall

The jury took only one hour to find [Meisner] guilty, and he was sentenced to fifteen years in the Kingston Penitentiary.

by revealing that he been charged with burglary and defacing automobile markers (licence plates), a common offence in that era. On cross-examination, Bell brought out that the charges had been dropped. Nevertheless, the damage had been done.*

After Hall's disastrous testimony, the two detectives decided to leave London to avoid further questioning. They happened to be staying in the same hotel as Bell. While reading the day's transcript, he was distracted by a commotion on the sidewalk below as a crowd gathered to watch the two men race down the street, jump into their car parked near the hotel, and speed away. Bell soon learned the duo were the detectives. The episode bore out Bell's belief that "an alibi is a dangerous thing to play with. If you depend on it and it flops, you're sunk."

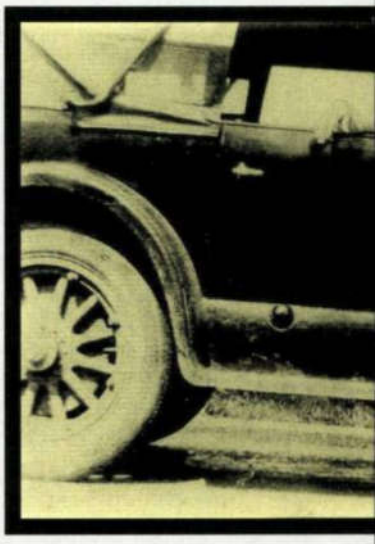
That is what happened to Meisner. The jury took only one hour to find him guilty, and he was sentenced to fifteen years in the Kingston, Ontario Provincial Penitentiary. He could have got twenty-five years and "lashes." Justice George Frank McFarland excused Meisner from lashes because of his physical condition – he weighed only 118 pounds – and because Labatt had not been injured. (Whipping as a punishment for major crimes under the Canadian criminal code was copied from England and remained in use until 1972.)

Four days after the verdict, Meisner wrote Bell a thank-you letter for the "very brilliant manner in which you conducted my defence. ... The verdict was not a surprise to me inasmuch as it was such a terrible uphill battle for you, right from the start, and then to be given such a damnable jolt, right when you should have been given all the aid there was to be had!" At the end of the letter, Meisner reasserted that "I *am* innocent, regardless of what the evidence proved. But I know I can't prove it – especially in here."

And the truth might never have emerged without a lucky reversal of fortune in the summer of 1935. In Michigan, McCardell was captured in a gun battle with police in connection with another crime. Bannon, who led a double life as a police informer, squealed on McCardell. He had already received $500 from the Ontario government for informing on Meisner. He now felt entitled to part of the $5,000 reward for the capture of the kidnappers being offered by the Labatt family via the Ontario government. Shortly afterward, Labatt was brought to the Indiana prison where McCardell had been taken. "Hello, John," said McCardell, who took pride in seeming to be a good-humoured jokester. Labatt was stunned. He had genuinely believed Meisner was guilty. Now he began to worry that he had identified the wrong man.

McCardell retaliated by naming Bannon as one of the gang. Bannon then incriminated Knowles. Pegram was never caught. On August 2, 1935, McCardell pleaded guilty in police court to kidnapping Labatt, waiving his right to a trial. At the hearing later that month in police court to determine whether Bannon should go to trial, McCardell insisted that Meisner had not been involved in the kidnapping nor had another Kentucky smalltime gambler, "Piccolo" Pete Murray, nicknamed after a hit tune *Piccolo Pete* – Labatt had also wrongly identified him as one of his kidnappers. Murray, who was awaiting trial, was released after languishing seven months in jail. The only compensation he received was a tour of London, dinner, and a railroad ticket to Kentucky. On his tour he asked the driver to stop at a tavern so he could buy a glass of Labatt beer. "I wanted to see if Labatt's beer was a bad as his eyesight," he said.

In the interim before Bannon's trial, McCardell asked Charles Bell to visit him at the Middlesex Jail, saying he wanted to ask



RC1927

Albert Pegram, the fourth kidnapper, is the man who got away. Pegram, a heavyset Tennessee resident, was the getaway driver for the gang, but he quickly caved and fled with the kidnappers' car. His disappearance and the possibility that he may have gone to the police convinced the others to release Labatt after three days of abduction. Pegram was never caught.

*Much later, during Jack Bannon's trial, Detective Sergeant Ted Weeks, the leading RCMP investigator on the case disclosed that Hall had been correct and the mix-up was due to secretarial error. Weeks said he had learned about the transcription error three hours before Hall testified, but did not tell him.

about the Canadian legal system. Bell accepted in the hope he might obtain some information that would help Meisner.

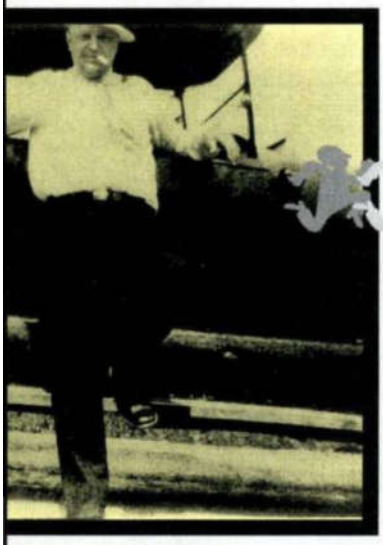
"According to Labatt's evidence at Meisner's trial, he slept a good deal in the cottage," Bell remarked.

"Never saw anybody in my life sleep like him. Must be strong beer they make," McCardell replied.

McCardell went on to describe how he had been transferred from Michigan to Indiana after his battle with the police.

"But I don't understand that," Bell said. "In the United States you have to be extradited from one State to another."

"Oh, they didn't bother about that; they just went ahead and kidnapped me," McCardell answered.



Bannon, who led a double life as a police informer, squealed on McCardell. . . . McCardell retaliated by naming Bannon as one of the gang. Bannon then incriminated Knowles. Pegram was never caught.

"Outrageous," Bell responded, tongue-in-cheek. "Kidnapping is the most cruel of crimes."

At Bannon's trial in October 1935, Labatt conceded that he might have wrongly identified Meisner. Bannon was sentenced to fifteen years, McCardell to twelve because he had pleaded guilty, waiving trial. Immediately after Bannon's conviction, Bell called for Meisner's speedy release. So did the media. But it was to no avail. Meisner had to wait several more months until after Knowles's trial in January 1936.

On February 14, Knowles was sentenced to fifteen years. Fortuitously, Bell was in the courtroom in connection with another case. As soon as Justice Charles McTague pronounced Knowles's sentence, Bell leaped to his feet and requested McTague "to report to the federal Minister of Justice as to what this trial has shown concerning David Meisner." Ernest LaPointe, the minister of justice, acted swiftly, announcing just one day later that Meisner would be granted a new trial. It was one more highly dramatic moment in the many twists and turns of the Labatt kidnapping case.

The trial began a month later on March 18, thirteen months and twelve days after Meisner's wrongful conviction. Once again Bell represented him. The specially appointed Crown counsel was sixty-five-year-old D'Alton Lally McCarthy. He had gained national attention twelve years earlier as the Ontario government's prosecutor in the trials arising from one of Canada's worst financial scandals, the collapse of the Toronto-based Home Bank – the worst bankruptcy to that date in Canada. Large unpaid loans to Sir Henry Pellatt, owner of the famous ninety-eight-room Casa Loma in Toronto, were a major factor in the collapse.

By the time of the retrial what had seemed to have been a cataract in Meisner's eye had shrunk. (The white film was most likely not a cataract as cataracts rarely disappear on their own.) Labatt testified that "My belief now is that McCardell was really my guard. Furthermore, I believe he is the man who held me up." However, most of the Muskoka witnesses continued to insist that it was Meisner whom they had seen. To offset their testimony, Bell introduced a surprise witness – Norman Newton, the Crown attorney who had obtained Meisner's conviction. He had agreed to testify that Meisner had been mistakenly identified. "When we walked into the Indiana jail McCardell said 'Hello, John' to Mr. Labatt," Newton recalled. "I was convinced that what McCardell said was true and there had been a case of mistaken identity." In his summation, McCarthy indicated that he would not be unhappy if Meisner were acquitted. "If right is done, the Crown will be satisfied," he said.

Although the trial lasted only three days, half the time of Meisner's first trial, the jurors deliberated for seven hours, seven times as long, and took a dozen votes to reach a verdict. When their foreman announced "not guilty," the spectators burst out into cheers and applause.

A jubilant Meisner told reporters he held no grudge against Labatt. "He must be a square shooter and a dandy fellow to go into the box to help me just as readily as he had gone against me," Meisner commented.

He left prison with only seventeen cents. Today, wrongfully convicted persons can demand financial restitution from federal or provincial governments, but this was not so in 1936. Despite his initial praise of Labatt, Meisner sued for "malicious prosecution and negligence in the identification of the plaintiff." A $5,500 (the equivalent of $70,000 today) settlement was reached in 1937.

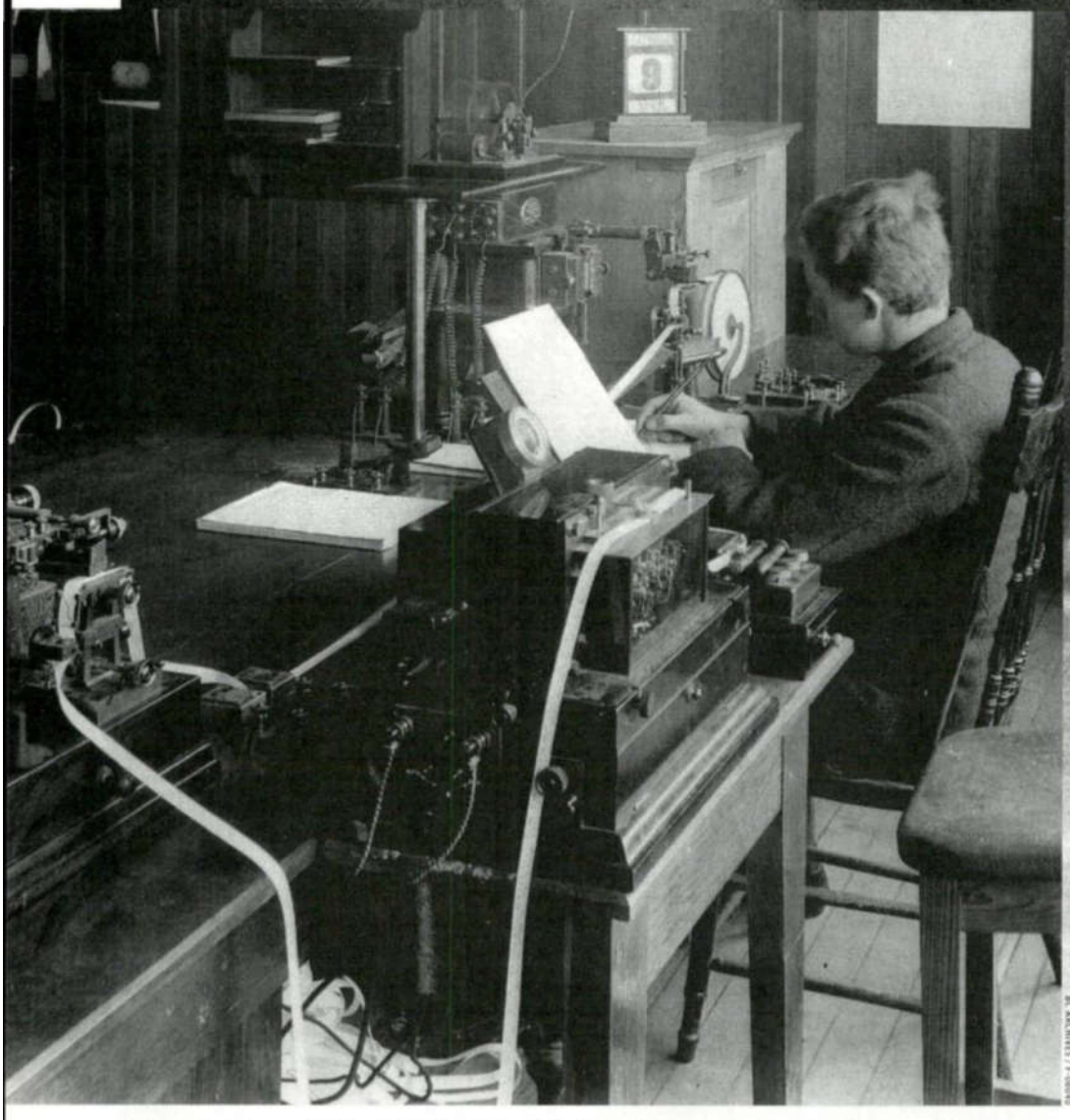
John Labatt remained president of Labatt's until 1950. He died on July 8, 1952, of a heart attack.

Susan Goldenberg is the author of several books and has written for Canadian and American newspapers.

Bamfield

In the
The Evolution

by Stephen Bown

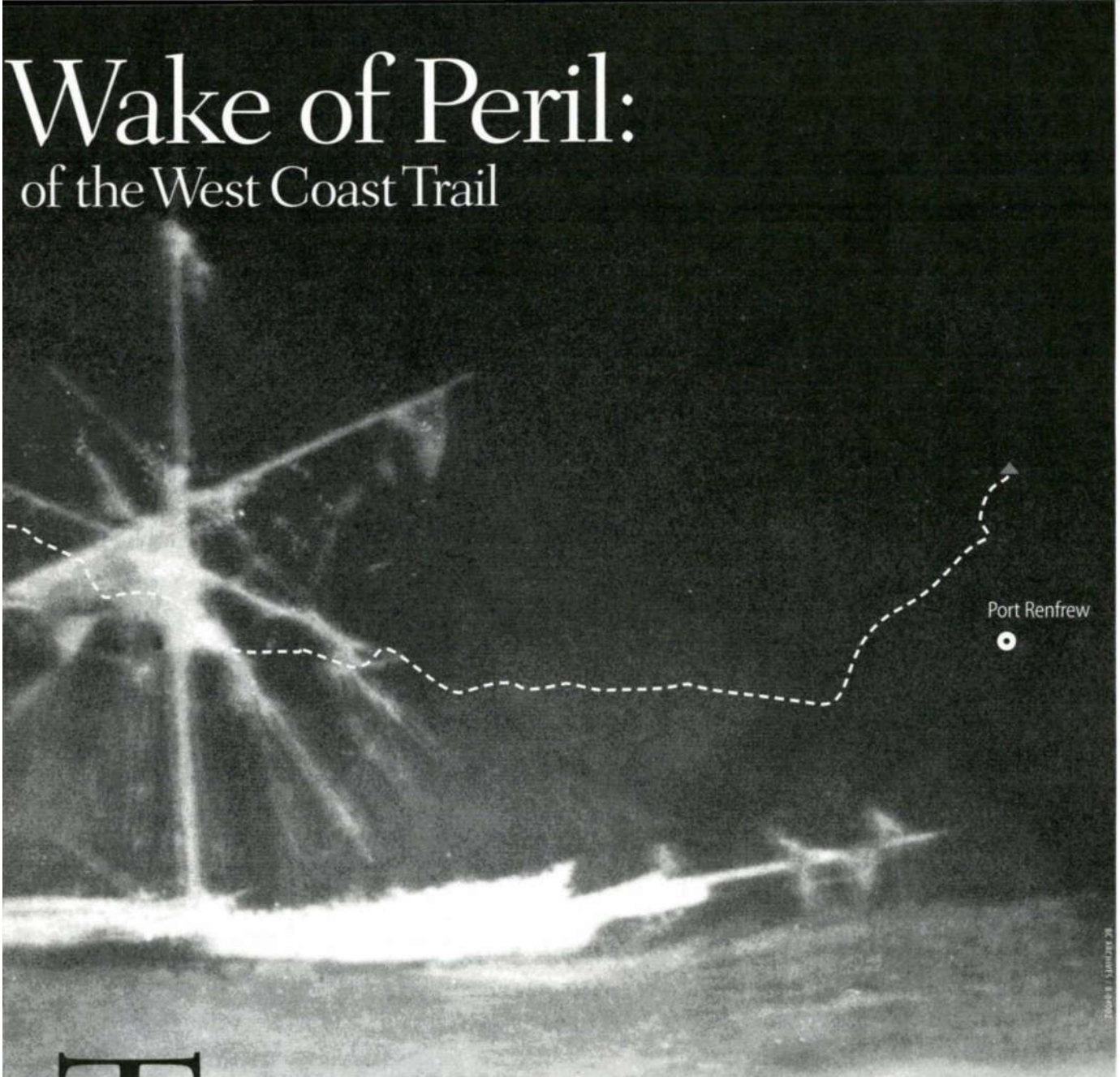


BC ARCHIVES / F-00040

Isolation gave birth to the West Coast Trail. A ship would founder on Vancouver Island's rocky shores. But rescue would come too late. It took a marine disaster of fearful proportions before a path was hacked through the wilderness. Before lighthouses were properly serviced. Before a reliable telegraph was installed. Only then was the Graveyard of the Pacific no more.

F.C. Noat (above), on staff at Bamfield cable station, 1904. Bamfield, being far to the west and well away from large shipping centres, was chosen in 1902 as the North American terminus of a cable line that would stretch 6,500 kilometres southwest to Fanning Island in the South Pacific, part of a globe-circling cable built to link the entire British Empire by telegraph. In the background: The barque *Coloma* foundering off Cape Beale.

Wake of Peril:
of the West Coast Trail



BC ARCHIVES / 1906

Thirty-six hours after the passenger ship *Valencia* was driven against a rock shelf just off Pachena Point on the west coast of Vancouver Island, the mast of the foundering vessel was like a sickly skeleton jutting from the ragged surface of the surging sea. Through the billowing fog and mist a few stragglers could be seen clinging desperately to the outstretched arms of the mast in a futile attempt to avoid the wild and frigid water below. Occasionally someone would lose his perch and after a feeble attempt to swim to shore only fifty metres away, slide beneath the surface clutching desperately at floating chunks of wreckage. "It was pitiful," wrote one of the survivors, "to see frail women, wearing only night dresses, with bare feet on the frozen ratlines, trying to shield children in their arms from the icy wind and rain." Finally, around noon of the second day, the crumbling hulk was hit by a monstrous wave, and with a shudder and a groan rolled on its side, crumpled, and settled deep in the water. Only the stump of the mast remained, a horrifying sight to the dozens of survivors on the shore who huddled in a wretched cluster against a thick and lonely forest. They were soaking wet, numb with grief, and shivering in the freezing wind and icy rain. One hundred and seventeen of the 164 onboard perished miserably, sucked to their doom beneath the growling breakers, smothered in the driving sea or worn down from exposure. Almost all the women and children died, being the first to enter lifeboats that were swamped in the pounding surf, and not having the strength to swim against the surging currents.

It was January 22, 1906, and the captain of the *Valencia*, like so many others, had misjudged his position in the thick fog and rain that are hallmarks of the Pacific coast in winter. The *Valencia* was a 1,450-tonne iron passenger ship

Sometimes sailors were rescued, sometimes they perished in the sea, and sometimes they starved and struggled through the forest before some of them made it to a community.

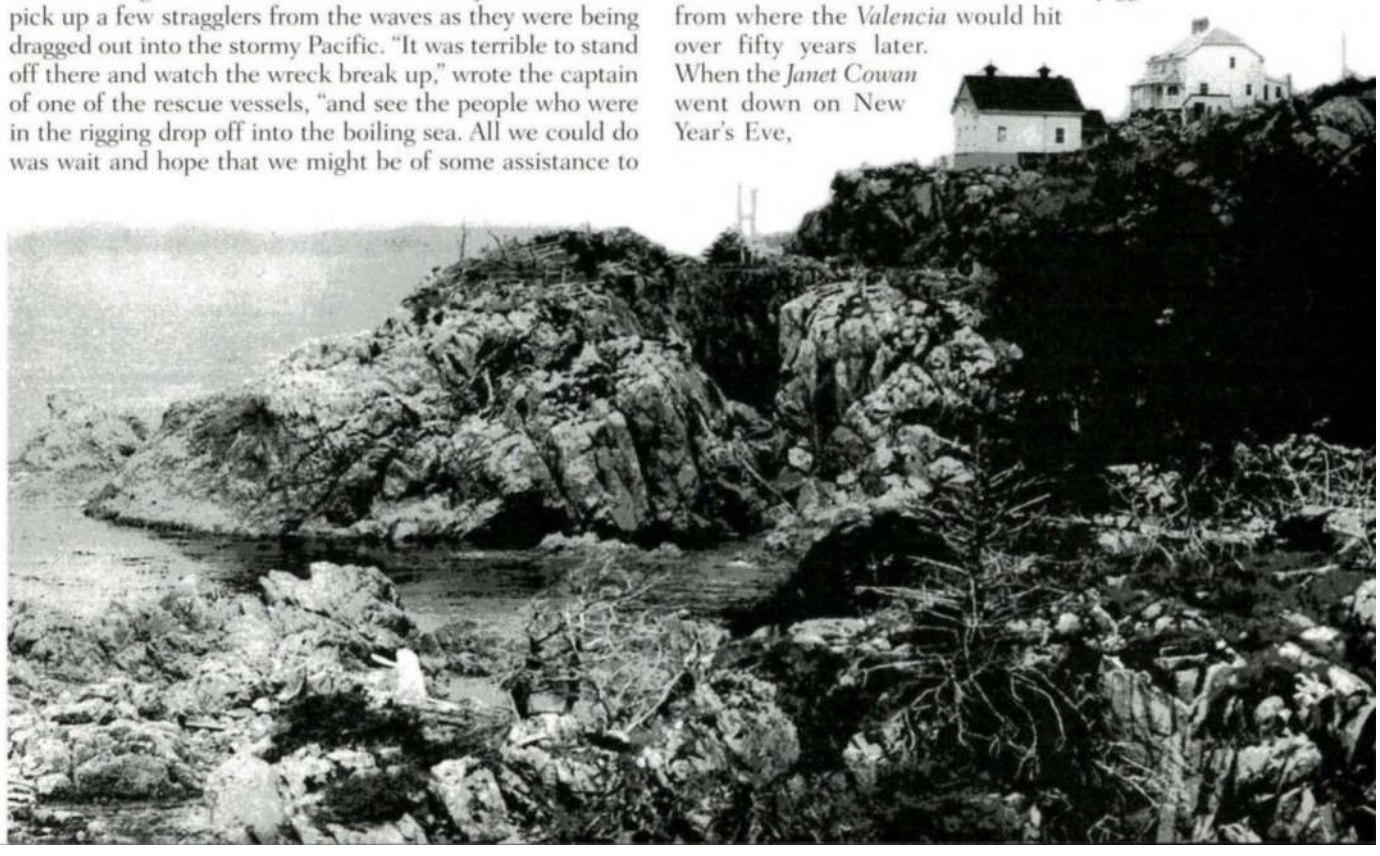
bound from San Francisco to Victoria and Seattle, and when it missed the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the dangerous and variable currents of an approaching storm dragged the vessel north towards the rugged and sparsely inhabited southwest coast of Vancouver Island. After ramming the plates of stone that shoot out into the water just off of Pachena Point, the ship foundered in the rising surf. Lifeboats were sucked under before they reached shore, cables fired from the ship failed to take hold in the loamy forest, and makeshift rafts were relentlessly dragged out to sea instead of to the shore. A few of the stragglers who did reach land, a day after the initial impact, stumbled through the forest until they encountered the rudimentary mud-slickened path used by telegraph linesmen, slogged the distance to a hut, and cabled for help.

But the survivors could not be rescued easily. Although authorities in Victoria and Bamfield knew the ship had run aground, the tangled roadless wilderness of Vancouver Island severely hindered land crews from approaching the scene of the disaster. A few telegraph linesmen, lighthouse attendants and their families hauled in what meager provisions they could along kilometres of overgrown junglelike thickets that passed as a maintenance path for the telegraph. Although several ships from Victoria rushed to the scene, arriving on the second day after the initial grounding, the sea was too rough and the coast too rugged for them to approach the *Valencia* or to reach the shore. The wind was lashing at thirty-two to forty kilometres per hour and the sea was breaking clear over the wreck. All they could do was pick up a few stragglers from the waves as they were being dragged out into the stormy Pacific. "It was terrible to stand off there and watch the wreck break up," wrote the captain of one of the rescue vessels, "and see the people who were in the rigging drop off into the boiling sea. All we could do was wait and hope that we might be of some assistance to those who might miraculously get away from the *Valencia*."

In the aftermath came the grisly task of collecting the dead. Bodies were strewn along the beach and bobbed in the flotsam and jetsam. Many were broken and twisted, pallid and stiff from the freezing weather, some shaved red, raw and bloody from the power of the waves against the stones. Others were crumpled and stuffed into crevasses of nearby rocks or draped over barnacle-encrusted pinnacles. Many could not be identified. The bodies were unceremoniously dragged above high tide and covered in sand to keep the crows off.

Several days after the incident both the American and Canadian governments launched inquiries into the disaster. The inquiries, particularly the American one, emphasized that although the region was notorious for shipwrecks, the main reason for such a great loss of life was the lack of any adequate facilities, such as lighthouses, fog signals, lifesaving equipment, or means of communication. The report urged the creation of a road or trail paralleling the coast, with safety shelters stocked with food, medical supplies, and communication equipment. The American government had constructed a lighthouse at Tatoosh, off Cape Flattery in 1857, but nothing to guide ships through the entrance into the Strait of Juan de Fuca had ever been constructed on the Canadian side. Given the region's history, these types of amenities were long overdue.

The west coast of Vancouver Island was then known as the "Graveyard of the Pacific," and for good reason. In the previous half-century, over fifty ships, and innumerable smaller vessels, had been driven onto the rocks when they failed to make the turn into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Winter winds and currents frequently placed ships in danger of being carried ashore on Vancouver Island. During a vicious storm on New Year's Day, 1854, for example, the *William*, a large sailing ship with a crew of sixteen, was driven against the lee shore and burst asunder on the jagged shelf not far from where the *Valencia* would hit over fifty years later. When the *Janet Cowan* went down on New Year's Eve,



1895, the hapless mariners were stranded in the wilderness in the bitter cold for two weeks before the captain and several others finally died and some of the strongest survivors struggled to safety along the rude, ill-kept remnants of the telegraph maintenance trail.

Sometimes sailors were rescued, sometimes they perished in the sea, and sometimes they starved and struggled through the forest before some of them made it to a community. The pages of the Victoria *Colonist* were frequently filled with the tales of ill-fated ships and crews that foundered along the deadly stretch of shore between the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Bamfield. It was a growing public concern, but demands to the government in Ottawa, which had authority over shipping and lighthouses, went unheeded. When the *Valencia* went down, however, the federal government was galvanized into action, spurred on by the humiliation and international embarrassment of an unprecedented disaster that revealed the woefully inadequate navigational and lifesaving provisions along that deadly coast.

The first lighthouse constructed on Vancouver Island's treacherous southwest coast was at Cape Beale, 140 kilometres northwest of Victoria, in 1873, but the keeper had no way of summoning help until a telegraph line was extended from the provincial capital in 1889. Even then it was only a single strand of galvanized wire that was vulnerable to the forces of nature.

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The year following the *Valencia*'s demise, 1907, construction began on a new lighthouse at Pachena Point and crews were sent into the woods to clear the forest for the West Coast Lifesaving Trail, or the Shipwrecked Mariners' Trail, as it was called. When they began, it was little more than an animal track, roughly grown in and traversing some of the most rugged terrain on the continent. The crews carved out a 3.7-metre–wide track from Bamfield as far south as Shelter Bight and the *Valencia* site, and a 1.2-metre-wide trail from there to Carmanah Point. They used crosscut saws and axes to hack down three-metre–wide trees and then used horses to drag them from the path. The new trail descended and ascended innumerable gullies and required over twenty-one bridges and sixty-two culverts, winding steeply up and steeply down through a forest of monstrous cedars and firs and through an under-foliage of luxuriant salal and salmonberry. Cabins were built at strategic locations, and surf boats were stationed at Bamfield. The original plan called for a road wide enough and smooth enough that lifesaving equipment could be brought by horse and cart to the scene of any future wrecks. Although the final trail fell far short of the optimistic dream, it did serve its purpose, contributing to the survival of countless shipwrecked mariners in the coming decades. Until the construction of additional lighthouses and the improvement of navigational equipment in the mid-twentieth century, the Graveyard of the Pacific still claimed ships, but its toll of human lives had shrunk. When the 9,000-tonne Russian ship *Uzbekistan* went aground a few kilometres east of Pachena Point in 1943, for example, the crew of over forty got to shore and were safely escorted by naval personnel the twenty kilometres or so to Bamfield.

The forerunner of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Trail was originally surveyed and built beginning in 1889 by telegraph linesmen in an effort to extend telegraph communication from Victoria to lighthouses along the southwest coast of Vancouver Island. The first lighthouse had been constructed at Cape Beale in 1873, but without any means of summoning help to distressed ships, its effectiveness was limited. Nor was it self-sufficient, as there was no means to get new equipment to the site when the lighthouse broke down. The lighthouse could be out of commission for days or weeks at a time awaiting replacement parts or supplies. Several years later, in 1890, another lighthouse was built at Carmanah Point, increasing the need for some form of communication system linking them to Victoria. During a busy two-year spree, a small crew of men hewed a rudimentary path following the coast north from Port Renfrew to the lighthouse at Cape Beale, stringing from tree to tree a single strand of galvanized wire for the telegraph. Nearly a decade later, in 1899, the line was extended from Cape Beale to Bamfield and then a further fifty-six kilometres along Alberni Inlet to Port Alberni.

In theory it was a good idea. But in practice the telegraph line was out of commission most of the time – the terrain was too rugged and exposed and the distance too great to properly patrol and maintain. Communication was interrupted for days at a time when it was most needed, during vicious storms. In the dense, shadowy forest surrounding the line, branches were routinely snapped off trees when the winter gales lashed the shore, and when they crashed to earth they brought the line down with them. Although linesmen patrolled the route, each was responsible for a forty-kilometre segment, making his job nearly impossible even if he devoted all his time to it. The pay was so poor that maintaining the telegraph line could never form more than a fraction of an individual's livelihood, and was never more than a secondary consideration done almost as a community service and out of a sense of duty.

The lighthouse keepers at both Cape Beale and Carmanah Point wrote frequently about the frustrations of the unreliable cable. One entry from March 3, 1899, noted, "At 1:45 P.M. HMS *Pheasant* ran in to signal. She hoisted signal 'please telegraph.' Seeing it was a telegram I hoisted our usual signal S.B.R., which meant 'Communication by telegraph interrupted.' Also signalled her to report same to the

Almost eight thousand people from all over the world attempt the trail each year, and even today dozens of rescues are required for defeated or wounded hikers during the unrelenting five-to-nine-day slog.

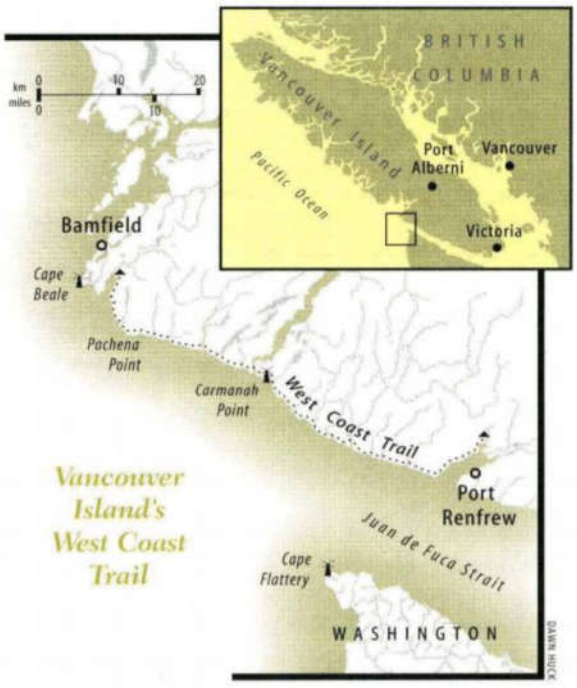
Admiral [at Esquimalt naval base]. Line been down for 25 days to Victoria. No connection with San Juan for five days and linemen at Clo-oose attending to private business." Although the rude telegraph link was notoriously unreliable, it was better than no communication at all.

The first improvements to the primitive telegraph system came around the turn of the century with the grand scheme for an all-British global telegraph communication system. Almost since the invention of telegraphy in the 1840s, the idea of a cross-Canada telegraph link was being discussed, mostly in conjunction with an intercolonial railway. In the 1850s, telegraph lines were strung between Toronto and Montreal, and south to Niagara to connect with American lines linking to New York. By 1865, the town of Victoria was linked to the American telegraph network through the Western Union Telegraph Company, and soon Winnipeg was connected by a branch network south to the U.S. Extending the telegraph across the prairies and mountains to British Columbia, however, proved to be a more difficult task.

The creation of a cross-country telegraph route in Canada was closely linked with the construction of a national railway, which became a greater priority after British Columbia agreed to join Canada in 1871 on the condition that a railway be built. Sir Sandford Fleming, railway surveyor and chief engineer of the Canadian government, had advocated the idea of an all-British telegraph route – crossing Canada to the Pacific and continuing to Australia and New Zealand – as early as 1863. More than twenty years later, the surveying was complete and the tracks were finally laid for the first Canadian railway, which terminated in New Westminster, British Columbia. On September 13, 1886, Canada's first all-Canadian telegraph network, the Canadian Pacific Trans-Canada Telegraph System, was completed running alongside the rail lines. Under the authority of the Pacific Cable Board, a joint project between Britain and various colonial governments, plans were developed to implement Fleming's original scheme for a communications cable exclusively on British territory that could be defended during war.

Because of favourable ocean topography (a gently sloping ocean floor with few rocks), Bamfield was chosen as the site for the trans-Pacific cable station, the North American terminus of a global communication system between all Commonwealth countries. It was dubbed the "All Red Route," referring to the colour of the British Empire on maps and atlases of the day. Bamfield is the point furthest west in North America suitable for a cable – it was not near any large shipping centre where anchors might disrupt the cable, and it was far from other electrical disturbances that might interfere with communication. The small town, however, was still over six thousand kilometres from the nearest island, Fanning Island, a barren atoll midway across the stormy expanse of the Pacific. The Bamfield–Fanning Island stretch of submarine cable would be the longest in the world, and several prominent scientists doubted that telegraphic communication would be possible over such a distance.

In June 1899, ships surveyed the Pacific Ocean for a suitable route for a Pacific submarine cable, while a custom 7,250-tonne cable ship named the *Colonia* was built to lay the cable. (No other ship could carry enough cable to span the distance from Bamfield to Fanning Island.) The portion of the cable between Australia and New Zealand had already been laid. On September 19, 1902, the *Colonia* set out from Bamfield to lay the final stretch of a globe-circling cable, and was finished by the end of October. The first communication along the All Red Route to all British Commonwealth destinations was sent by Sandford Fleming on November 1, 1902.



Far from being too slow, as earlier detractors had predicted, the Pacific submarine cable proved capable of transmitting 110 words per minute if abbreviations were used. Although this seems ridiculously slow by modern comparison where e-mail and the Internet transmit data at millions of times that speed, at the time it was an astounding feat. A short message could now be sent around the entire globe within minutes instead of taking several months aboard a transport ship. For the first few years the Pacific Cable Board reserved the cable for government communications, but it soon opened up for private business and was kept busy twenty-four hours a day.

In Bamfield, at the Pacific terminus of this valuable communication system, the Canadian Pacific Railway – responsible for forwarding all cross-Pacific communications eastward via its land telegraph system – constructed a beautiful three-storey, hotel-like structure. It was the grandest building in the town, with staff accommodation, a manager's residence, and bungalows for married men. Up until 1956, forty-five people worked at the Bamfield

Cable Station, including twenty-four operators who translated the electronic beeps and pauses into English.

By the 1920s, the cable was insufficient to meet the growing demand, and in 1926 a second cable was laid along the same route as the first. Although the new technology of wireless radio was increasingly common, it was not reliable enough to transmit across the Pacific Ocean. During both world wars, defending the cable-relay station, a vital communication link, was a high priority and included an infantry detachment at Bamfield, antisubmarine guns, and extensive barbed wire fences. In 1959, the Bamfield station became an unmanned relay station when a new cable was laid up Alberni Inlet to Port Alberni, cutting out the most unreliable link in the great chain (where the cable was still strung on trees and frequently in need of repairs). In 1963, a new lightweight trans-Pacific telephone cable was laid, bypassing Bamfield entirely. The elegant wooden buildings were torn down and the cable station property was purchased by five western Canadian universities to be used as a marine biology station.

By the mid-1950s, improved navigational technology and helicopters were making the Lifesaving Trail obsolete. Soon it was abandoned. Without telegraph linesmen and lifesaving crews maintaining the trail, the bridges began to deteriorate and the foliage began to reclaim the land. Members of the Sierra Club took an avid interest in the historic trail in the mid-1960s, and they began to upgrade the crumbling infrastructure for recreational hiking. They urged the Canadian government to set aside the trail as a park. Government crews began upgrading the trail in the 1970s and completed the entire length by 1983. In 1993, a thin strip of land surrounding the original trail was formally included in Pacific Rim National Park.

Today, the West Coast Trail winds seventy-five kilometres along the route of the historic telegraph and lifesaving trail between Port Renfrew and Bamfield. Although some sections are wide and easy, following scenic, sandy beaches, the south portion remains strenuous, with fast-moving streams, vertical ladders, and steep gullies. The trail is a challenge even for experienced hikers. Almost eight thousand people from all over the world attempt the trail each year, and even today dozens of rescues are required, not for shipwrecked mariners stranded along a wilderness coast, but for defeated or wounded hikers during the unrelenting five-to-nine-day slog along the detritus-clogged track, over mud-slickened log bridges, and through torrential streams made wild by upstream clear-cut logging. The remains of the telegraph wire and the primitive devices that held the line can still be seen along portions of the trail, dangling from moss-covered trunks of centuries-old cedars and firs, or lying in the muck trampled by thousands of boots.

The scenery along the trail is beautiful and tranquil in calm weather, a perfect retreat from the stress and chaos of modern urban living. During a storm, however, after the awakening of the ponderous sea, when the water turns from sparkling blue to dull gray and the breakers loom high before tearing into the ragged shore, a peaceful bay is transformed into a maelstrom of rock and foam and sea and wind. Rusting husks, distorted lumps of iron barely recognizable as huge anchors, capstans, or boilers of long-gone ships, lay strewn along the rock and beach—an eerie testament to the power of the sea and a reminder of the once-lonely region's macabre and frightening past.

Stephen R. Bown frequently hikes in the Rocky Mountains near his home in Canmore, Alberta. In the summer of 2000 he headed to the Pacific and hiked the West Coast Trail. It rained heavily for four out of six days.

et cetera

"Breakers Ahead!": A History of Shipwrecks on the Graveyard of the Pacific by R. Bruce Scott. Sono Nis Press, Victoria, 1970.

Barkley Sound: A History of the Pacific Rim National Park Area by R. Bruce Scott. Sono Nis Press, Victoria, 1993.

The Valencia Tragedy by Michael C. Neitzel. Heritage House Publishing, Surrey, B.C., 1996.

Parks Canada includes a history of Pacific Rim National Park with the West Coast Trail at its website, <http://parkscan.harbour.com/pacrim/hist.htm>.

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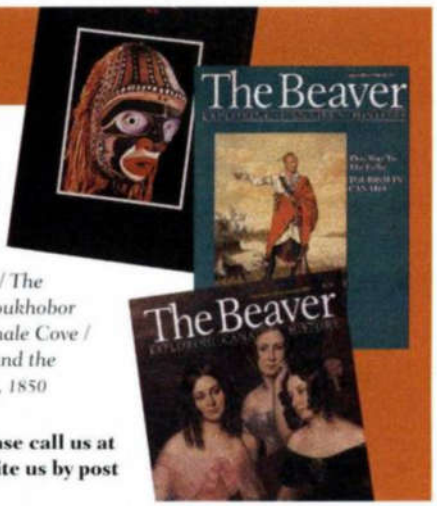

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In 1906, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world was – *mirabile dictu* – a Canadian!

Lord of the Ring

by Mark Reynolds

The two men faced each other across the ring under the anxious eyes of 25,000 spectators in Rushcutter's Bay, near Sydney, Australia. The audience in the newly built arena were there to see history – the first time a black man ever fought for the heavyweight-boxing championship belt. It was December 26, 1908 – Boxing Day.

The pugilists faced each other. Texas-born Jack Johnson – the son of former slaves and the reigning Negro heavyweight champ of the world – stood over six feet and weighed in at 203 pounds. His opponent – Tommy Burns, the heavyweight champion of the world since 1906 – stood a mere five feet seven inches and weighed in at a paltry 167 pounds – more than a thirty-pound weight disadvantage. Even with this, he looked pudgy compared to the chiselled physique of Johnson. How had he come to be there?

Born June 17, 1881, the future Tommy Burns probably surprised no one in his hometown of Hanover, Ontario, by becoming a professional athlete of some kind. Both the boxing and the *nom de sport* would come later, though.

He was born Noah Brusso, the twelfth of thirteen children to Sofa and Frederick Brusso, both of German extraction. Noah's family was poor, and life was very hard. High-strung, he found it difficult to fit in at school, and he got into several fights. More interested in sports than school, he dropped out and worked his way through a succession of jobs – including professional lacrosse player.

Noah eventually decided to take up boxing in Detroit. His first fight, in December 1900, was a harbinger of things to come. Thrown in the ring by his friends as a last-minute replacement for an injured pro, the young Noah Brusso knocked out Fred Thornton. Asked what he wanted for a purse, the novice pugilist told the promoter, "Give me enough to buy the boys a cigar." He got $1.25.

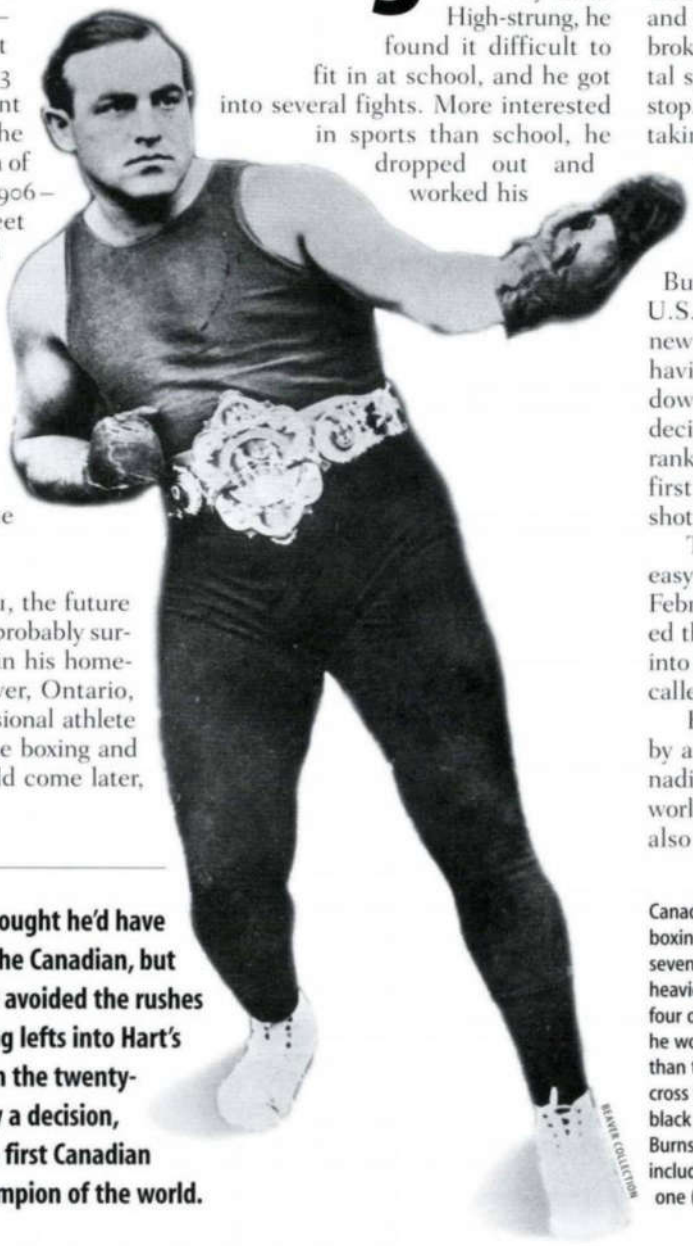
Noah was a fearsome puncher. He once put a man in a coma for three days and was nearly charged for it. Heartbroken that her son was in such a brutal sport, Sofa Brusso begged him to stop. Instead, he changed his identity, taking his new name from a popular Canadian jockey. It also had the advantage of sounding Irish, like all the great boxers of the day.

The newly minted Tommy Burns fought his way though the U.S., settling in California with his new wife, Jewel. As Tommy had been having trouble keeping his weight down to middleweight limits, he decided to switch to the heavyweight ranks, which had more prestige. In his first fight as a heavyweight, he got a shot at the title against Marvin Hart.

The champ thought he'd have an easy time with the Canadian. But on February 23, 1906, "Burns easily avoided the rushes and peppered long lefts into Hart's face … [and] belted the so-called champion at will."

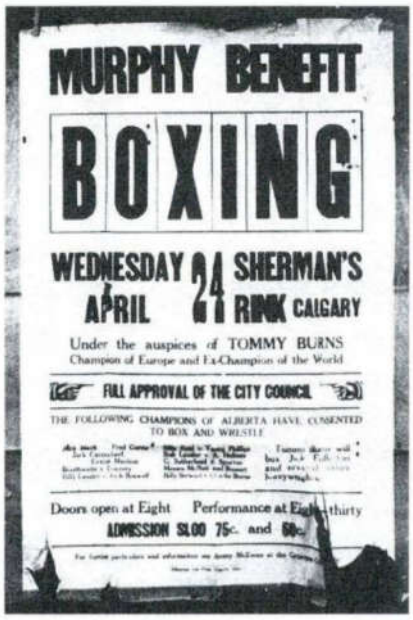
Burns won the twenty-round fight by a decision, becoming the first Canadian heavyweight champion of the world. At five feet seven inches, he is also the shortest. These are not the

Marvin Hart … thought he'd have an easy time with the Canadian, but … "Burns easily avoided the rushes and peppered long lefts into Hart's face …" [He] won the twenty-round fight by a decision, becoming the first Canadian heavyweight champion of the world.



BEAVER COLLECTION

Canada has produced only one world heavyweight boxing champion – Tommy Burns (left). Five feet seven inches tall and weighing 175 pounds at his heaviest, he was a tenacious fighter, losing only four of sixty fights and defending his crown, which he won in 1906 at age twenty-five, ten times in less than three years. He was also the first champion to cross the colour line, losing his title in 1908 to the black American Jack Johnson. After losing the title, Burns continued his association with the sport, including organizing boxing matches such as this one (above, right) in Calgary.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only distinctions he holds. He is the only champion to defeat two challengers in one night. He holds the record for most consecutive knockouts by a defending heavyweight (eight) and the fastest knockout ever in a heavyweight defence (one minute, twenty-eight seconds against Jem Roche in Dublin). He defeated the best boxers in the U.S., Britain, Ireland, and Australia.

Burns was not popular though. His Canadian origins, flashy dress, apparent avarice, and, worst of all, refusal to draw the colour line against black boxers made the boxing press and public consistently underrate and deride him.

His detractors reacted with horror when Burns agreed to fight Jack Johnson, who had been itching to get a shot at the title since it was held by Jim Jeffries, an American who relinquished the title in 1905 after retiring from the sport. To add to the public distaste, Burns insisted on the shockingly high sum of $30,000—win, lose, or draw.

Nonetheless, the match was eagerly anticipated. The stadium sold out. Camera crews were on hand. Novelist Jack London went to Sydney to report on the action for the *New York Herald*.

The fight was savage. As Tommy put it in his memoirs, "It was strictly a throwback: a couple of cavemen meeting on some long forgotten path ... both disputing the right of the other to pass."

It lasted fourteen rounds. The two men brutalized each other. Though Tommy managed to break some of Johnson's ribs, he still had the worst of it. At the beginning of the fourteenth round, after Tommy suffered his fourth knockdown, the police stepped in and stopped the fight. Jack Johnson was the new heavyweight champion of the world, and Tommy Burns's career was effectively over.

He went on to operate saloons, a clothing store, and a sports arena in Calgary. Most of these businesses failed. Through it all, his growing faith in God would lead him to become an ordained minister. He died in 1955, impoverished and forgotten. He is buried in Vancouver.

Mark Reynolds is a freelance writer in Montreal, and may be very distantly related to Tommy Burns.

et cetera

Tommy Burns: Canada's Unknown World Heavyweight Champion by Dan McCaffery. James Lorimer & Co., Toronto, 2000.

Early Canadiana Online has two new exhibitions!

These online exhibitions have been created to help students and researchers in their exploration of Canadian history.

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This site traces the history of how the search for a short cut to China was transformed into a quest for beaver pelts! It examines how the fur trade forever changed the lives of Aboriginal peoples, pushed men across the continent, and led to the mapping and settlement of Canada. This exhibition has been written and designed for young readers ages 9 to 13. It includes:

- Biographies and stories
- Maps and almost 100 images
- Links to primary and secondary sources
- Lesson plans and ideas

http://www.canadiana.org/hbc/

Canada in the Making

This site presents the acts and treaties that helped shape Canada as a nation, with contextual essays that outline historical events surrounding these documents. This exhibition has been written for secondary students and above. It includes:

- Summaries of acts from 1763 to 1867
- Summaries of treaties
- Biographies
- Maps of North America from 1763 to 1867
- Links to primary and secondary sources
- Lesson plans and ideas

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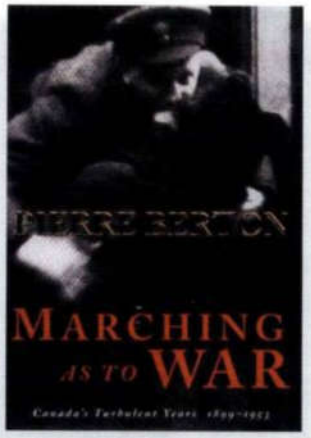
Reviews

War and the Peaceable Kingdom

Canada's turbulent years, according to Pierre Berton, were marked by four wars, a series of social revolutions, an economic catastrophe, the transference of allegiance from one empire to another, and the transformation of Canada from a cocky yet dependent colony to a self-assured, if often still dependent, nation. ***Marching As To War*** is a grand narrative history of those years, written in the old tradition by an author who does it better than most.

Berton writes with a bold and dramatic pen, and the narrative is, as we would expect, well crafted, engaging, and, in many cases, a joy to read (the factual errors in the book have been the subject of other reviews, and need not detain us here). A skilled storyteller with a gift for the character sketch, he conjures up a series of striking personalities: Sam Hughes, the lunatic minister of militia and defence at the beginning of the First World War, who was remarkable as much for his political survival as his madness; Mackenzie King in a tizzy that the revelations of defected Soviet cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko might bring down "his own pipe dream of a world in which the wartime allies can stroll together, hand in hand, like children gambolling in a diplomatic meadow"; great heroes like Canadian Corps commander Arthur Currie and Big Jim Stone, who led the PPCLI in Korea; and dastardly villains like the Douglases – McArthur and Haig (although it is unclear how Berton would reconcile this demonization of Haig with the fact that tens of thousands of Canadian veterans gave him a hero's welcome when he visited this country in 1925). Equally effective are the interjections from Berton's own experience, whether it be his dressing down as a high-school student who deigned to argue in a writing assignment that war played a positive role in controlling population, or his service as a journalist in Korea, when he came face to face with civilians who were victims of a war they barely understood.



There is, however, an unfortunate imbalance that is hinted at in the book's title. The operative word here is *marching*, for the book is very much focused on the land war fought by Canada's soldiers. The author notes correctly that Canadian aces of the First World War were often neglected by writers who fixated on Eddie Rickenbacker or the Red Baron, but Billy Bishop et al. receive equally short shrift from Berton, earning just a couple of paragraphs in the eighty-odd pages that cover the First World War. The oversight is even more glaring in the section on the Second World War. The experiences of the quarter of a million men and women who served in the Royal Canadian Air Force rate just fourteen pages out of 170, and even then the narrative focuses on three individuals whose experiences were hardly representative. The treatment of the Royal Canadian Navy is even more cursory, and is confined to just nine pages. There is no reference to the work of Canada's preeminent naval historians, and the author's indignation that Canada's merchant mariners were badly treated by postwar governments rings a little hollow, given that they receive scarcely more consideration in *Marching As To War*.

In keeping with the traditions of grand narrative history, Berton pulls no punches in assessing the period as a whole. He argues that it was framed by two strikingly similar and ultimately pointless wars – the Boer War and the Korean War – and states emphatically that Canada would have done better to abstain from all but the Second World War (he is quick to admit, though, that in the Great War and probably South Africa, noninvolvement was simply not an option). In light of the enthusiasm with which large sections of the country went to war between 1899 and 1953, then, the book's conclusion, a reiteration of the Canadians-as-an-unmili-

Featured Books

■ **Marching As To War: Canada's Turbulent Years 1899–1953**
By Pierre Berton
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2001
632 pp., $45.00 hardcover

■ **Framing Our Past: Canadian Women's History in the Twentieth Century**
Edited by Sharon Anne Cook, Lorna McLean, and Kate O'Rourke
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2001
495 pp., illus., $45.00 hardcover

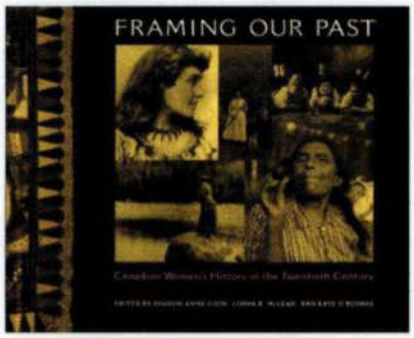
■ **The Laughing One: A Journey to Emily Carr**
By Susan Crean
Harper Flamingo, Toronto, 2001
320 pp., $32.00 hardcover

■ **Putting a Roof on Winter**
By Michael McKinley
Greystone Books, Vancouver, 2000
280 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

■ **Flowers in the Snow: The Life of Isobel Wylie Hutchison**
By Gwyneth Hoyle
University of Nebraska Press, 2001
269 pp., U.S.$25.95 hardcover

tary-people thesis, may strike the reader as a little odd. After all, it comes after nearly six hundred pages of narrative in which the subjects often come across as aggressive, belligerent, and very warlike. The Peaceable Kingdom? I wonder.

Reviewed by **Jonathan F. Vance**, who teaches history at the University of Western Ontario.



Women's Century

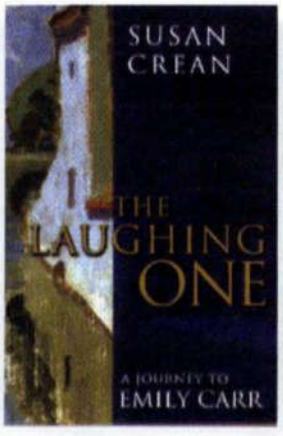
When ***Framing Our Past: Canadian Women's History in the Twentieth Century***, a beautifully produced book, arrived in my mailbox, I was immediately struck by how far Canadian women's history has come in the last three decades. Studies for the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, which reported in 1970, included brief surveys of the historical experience of women in Canada, but there were at that time few academic articles available on the topic, let alone monographs, biographies, and collections of essays. In the 1970s pioneers in the field of Canadian women's history struggled just to find words to describe women's experiences and often became mired in arcane theoretical debates that revolved around whether women represented a class or a cast. The authors of the eighty-five entries in this collection are faced with no such challenges. Not only do they draw upon a huge body of primary and secondary sources, they also work from well-conceived theoretical perspectives that recognize gender as a significant category of analysis in its own right. Moreover, they know, as historian Alison Prentice notes in the preface, that "there has always been women's history in Canada." All it took was the women's movement to inspire historians to rediscover the oral history, written sources, and material culture that enabled them to piece together women's contribution to the nation's past.

The editors of this volume were motivated by the goal of making a wide variety of archival sources and interpretive essays on the experiences of Canadian women in the twentieth century accessible to the general reader. In pursuing this goal, they decided on a format that grouped primary sources, illustrations, essays, vignettes, and sidebars into six thematic sections that reflect the current state of the research: Living Women's Lives, Family and the Home, Teaching and Learning, Women's Activism and the State, Health Care and Science, and Earning Their Bread. Each section begins with an essay by a well-established scholar (Veronica Strong-Boag, Cynthia R. Comacchio, Nicole Neatby, Joan Sangster, Wendy Mitchinson, and Allan B. McCulloch) outlining the context of the theme being addressed. Within these sections, there is a veritable smorgasbord of entries by different authors. In part one, for example, Strong-Boag's introductory essay, which reflects on issues of women's culture, difference, and agency, is flanked by sidebars on track star Fanny "Bobbie" Rosenfeld and author L.M. Montgomery. To support the theme, the editors include seven vignettes focusing on serving tea, life in Nelson, British Columbia, women's spiritual lives, the urban experience as seen through the work of Mariruth Sarsfield and Gabrielle Roy, single-woman artists Emily Carr and Isabel and Helen Stadelbauer, life in native communities, and Yukon pioneers Edith Josie and Martha Black. Essays documenting the range of women's lives describe female organizations (a Newfoundland club that distributed clothes to the needy, reading clubs in Winnipeg, Methodist Ladies' Aid Societies, the Canadian Handicrafts Guild), the role of women religious in preserving their history, and the careers of missionary Mildred Armstrong, Mohawk-English writer E. Pauline Johnson, and artists Ada Gladys Gillins, Annora Brown, Helen Kalvak, and Virginia J. Watt. Each of the other five sections is equally rich and wide-ranging.

The size of the volume – nearly five hundred pages – and format suggests that this is not a book to be taken in one gulp. Rather, much like a good encyclopedia, it allows readers to dip into various topics as their interests in genre and theme dictate. The editors have provided a helpful appendix to flag the type of historical resource – diaries, manuscripts, art, oral history, textiles, organizational records, posters, photos – used in each entry, and they have cross-referenced each entry so that readers interested in women's peace activism, for example, could easily find the other three entries focusing on that topic.

As with any ambitious undertaking such as this one, there are imbalances. Ontario gets the lion's share of the attention and Newfoundland fares quite well in the mix, while Maritime women (except for the splendid images from the Nova Scotia Archives) tend to be relegated to sidebars. The writing is also uneven, but since most essays and vignettes are short, the weaker ones do not detract from the whole, which, overall, is carefully edited and makes inviting reading.

Reviewed by **Margaret Conrad**, a professor in the department of history and classics at Acadia University in Wolfeville, Nova Scotia.



Deconstructing Emily

With several biographies, anthologies, and exhibition catalogues already devoted to British Columbia's most well-known artist, Susan Crean wanted to take a different approach to Emily Carr. In ***The Laughing One: A Journey To Emily Carr***, the author choos-

es four ways in which to do this. First, she gives an autobiographical account of her search for Carr that took her to Alert Bay ('Yalis) and to the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii), among other places in coastal British Columbia. Secondly, she invents conversations that Carr might have had with such people as the Coast Salish native Sophie Frank, Mayo Paddon, Carr's first beau, and the American painter Georgia O'Keeffe. Thirdly, Susan Crean exercises her skills as an acerbic book critic, by taking previous Carr scholars, including myself, to task. (The one exception is Gerta Moray, a university lecturer whose Ph.D. thesis on Carr has remained unpublished.) Finally, Crean makes unsubstantiated and sensational claims: "There was a lesbian side to her nature that she expressed in her identification with female values, 'womanliness,' as she called it, and in her preference for female company." This was the format that Crean felt "permitted a wonderful flexibility in approaching the Carr material and deconstructing her legacy."

As an historian, I feel uncomfortable with the results of Crean's approach. Her autobiographical account is mundane and adds nothing to our understanding of Carr. Her fictional conversations, drawn partly from Carr's journals, ignore the difference between thoughts confined to a journal and those shared with others. They are often inaccurate. Carr would not have told the New Zealand artist Frances Hodgkins that "Victoria hasn't any art clubs or galleries" when she had been a long-time contributor to that city's Island Arts and Crafts Society. Finally, they appropriate the voices of people like Sophie Frank who cannot speak for themselves. Further, Crean's criticism of other writers on Carr is more vindictive than analytical.

Crean does not, however, eschew the historical approach altogether. She tells us that the Nootka were the first natives that the Europeans – Captain James Cook – met, forgetting the encounter of Juan Pérez in 1774 and Aleksei I. Chirikov's encounter with native peoples on the Northwest Coast in 1741. She provides lengthy passages on such issues as native land claims and native protest, with little attempt at integrating them into the subject of her book – Emily Carr. She tells us that Carr's "art has never been very popular in First Nations communities," ignoring the tributes to the artist that appeared in such newspapers as *The Native Voice* as well as Carr's friendship with the Nootka artist, George Clutesi, to whom she willed her paint brushes. Crean also claims that Carr stopped exhibiting from 1913 to 1927, though examples of her work appeared, during this period, in the exhibitions of the Island Arts and Crafts Society and the Pacific Northwest Exhibition in Seattle. None of these points are unfamiliar – at least to previous writers on Emily Carr.

Crean insists at the outset that *The Laughing One: A Journey To Emily Carr* is neither a history of the artist's life nor a monograph. This gives Crean an excuse for not using the new material on Carr – the San Francisco journal, Carr's correspondence with her friend

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Sophie Frank, the diary of Mayo Paddon – that has become available in the recent past. It also licenses her to make virtually no comment on Carr's art, the very thing for which she is famous. Crean cannot, however, get off the hook so easily for the many inaccuracies, largely based on assertion rather than on evidence, that appear throughout the book. Being a journalist, she should have known better.

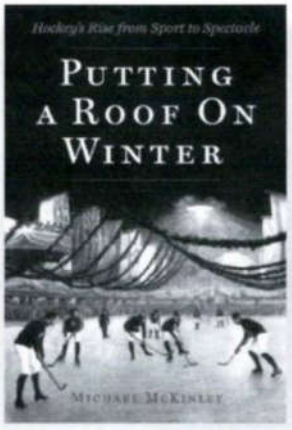
Susan Crean's penchant for sensationalism, her desire to do something different from other writers on Carr, along with the sour tone of the book, led her further away from her subject than closer to it. In the end, the reader gets more Crean than Carr.

Reviewed by **Maria Tippett**, a fellow of Churchill College and a member of the faculty of history at Cambridge University. Her biography of Haida artist Bill Reid is scheduled for publication by Random House Canada.

From Pond to Arena

There is ongoing debate about hockey's origins, according to Vancouver writer Michael McKinley in ***Putting a Roof on Winter***, but there is no dispute that James Creighton was the first person to put the game indoors under the roof at Montreal's Victoria Skating Rink in 1875. One the game's early supporters, Canadian governor general Lord Stanley, was so enthralled with hockey that in 1892 he established the Dominion Challenge Trophy, soon to be popularly known as the Stanley Cup, to be awarded to the country's top amateur club.

Today the Stanley Cup is the second-oldest professional sports trophy in North America, standing behind only the America's Cup for yachting. The cup has come a long way since the days when the Dawson City Nuggets travelled by dogsled, foot, bicycle, ship, and train to compete for it against Ottawa unsuccessfully. Or the Kenora Thistles prevailed over the Montreal Wanderers in 1907 to become the smallest town in hockey history to win the award. The Stanley Cup is now presented to the top professional team in the National Hockey League. The lofty Victorian principles of amateur athletic pursuit and fair play that Lord Stanley sought to promote have been replaced by a frantic attempt to purchase a winner at virtually any cost.



McKinley, an unsatisfied Vancouver Canucks supporter, examines early hockey lore with a smooth and witty style. The world's first professional organization was the American-based International Hockey League, and one of its players was Fred "Cyclone" Taylor, hockey's first superstar and a future Hall of Famer, who suited up with the Portage Lake, Michigan squad. The Boston Garden was originally called the Boston Madison Square Garden since its owner was also landlord of New York's Madison Square Garden. Toronto Maple Leafs hockey legend Conn Smythe began his career with the New York Rangers. James Norris, the flamboyant owner of the Detroit Red Wings, came from Montreal, and the Wings' logo is based on the symbol of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. A woman goalie first wore the mask in 1927.

Putting a Roof on Winter essentially chronicles hockey's steady march from Canada's outdoor rinks to massive American indoor arenas. Long gone are famous Stanley Cup winners like the Ottawa Silver Seven and Montreal Maroons, replaced by teams like the Florida Panthers, Anaheim Mighty Ducks, and Nashville Predators. Also recently departed from the NHL are the Quebec Nordiques and Winnipeg Jets. Quebec became the Colorado Avalanche and are the current Stanley Cup champions. Winnipeg moved to Phoenix to be rebranded the Coyotes, coowned by Wayne Gretzky, probably Canada's greatest player ever.

McKinley shows that hockey's Americanization was less of a takeover than the result of the natural desire to widen the game's popularity in the land of money, opportunity, and fame. Montreal's Art Ross and Lester Patrick gladly accepted the challenge to build hockey franchises in Boston and New York during the 1920s. The trend is no different today. Wealthy American owners open their wallets for the game's top players, many of whom are American or European. Small market clubs like the Ottawa Senators and Edmonton Oilers cannot compete with the

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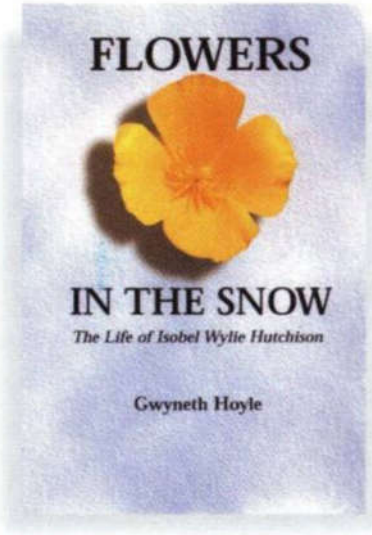
likes of the cash-rich Rangers, Philadelphia Flyers, and Red Wings. Even the fabled Montreal Canadiens are American-owned.

Putting a Roof on Winter ends symbolically with the 1972 Canada–USSR hockey showdown when Canada won the Summit Series in the last minute of play of the final game – arguably the country's finest hockey moment. The book features an excellent selection of historical photographs, but unfortunately the more recent ones are not printed in colour. It is regrettable that there are no endnote references, as McKinley recounts many little-known facts and incidents. The book would have also benefited from a complete listing of Stanley Cup holders since it is not always clear who the reigning champions are as the author flips back and forth between winners. Finally, minor grammar and spelling errors dot the text. Nevertheless, *Putting a Roof on Winter* is written with passion, conviction, and a genuine appreciation for "Canada's game."

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, who cheers for the Ottawa Senators.

Arctic Adventuress



Histories of explorations often provide vicarious enjoyment of heroic exploits. The recent literature on independent women travellers, writers, and naturalists adds a new dimension to earlier tales of men's adventures. Some early women explorers accomplished their goals disguised as men, while others, such as Martha Maxwell and Mary Shaffer Warren, redesigned women's clothing to make them suitable for fieldwork.

Isobel Wylie Hutchison (1889–1982) followed in the footsteps of the nineteenth-century lady traveller. Born into a well-off Scottish family, her father's early death left her devastated but financially secure. As a child, she became an accomplished writer, painter, and photographer. She enjoyed strenuous outdoor activities. Her walks gave her "freedom and independence" and provided an escape from her overprotective Victorian mother who believed that marriage rather than higher education was the only appropriate choice for women.

Talented, energetic, but shy, Isobel chose a different path. In 1917 she enrolled at Studney Horticultural College for Women in Warwickshire. After graduation, she embarked on the life of a writer, traveller, plant collector, and public lecturer. In 1925, on her first trip to Iceland, she developed an interest in local populations and exploring new places. She was a short step away from becoming yet another colonial plant collector and explorer.

Beginning in the sixteenth century, as postcolonial studies of Western science argue, natural history was to serve the purposes of the various European empires. Eighteenth-century scientists sought to create order in a chaotic world and attempted to fit newly discovered plants and animals into existing taxonomies. Part-time naturalists (army personnel, missionaries, and civil servants, for example) or paid collectors visiting the colonies removed individual plants and animals from their ecosystems and turned them into building blocks of western taxonomy. By the nineteenth century, "naturalist-collector" emerged as an occupation – for men. We know of few women who engaged in paid collecting activities before the twentieth century, with the notable exception of Maria Sybilla Merriam and Amalie Dietrich. More women followed the example of Gilbert White and Catharine Parr Traill and conducted local studies both for their own interest and as contributions to western science.

Isobel Hutchison began her career in 1927 as a self-financed plant collector in the circumpolar North. A few years

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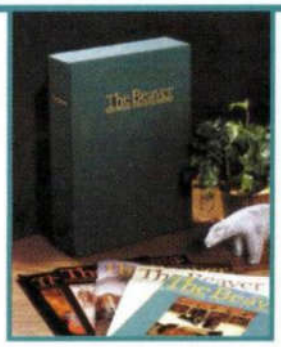
later she sold a collection of 308 plants species to Kew Gardens for the ridiculously low sum of ten guineas. In 1936, the British Museum funded her last major trip to "the edge of the Western world" (the Aleutian archipelago). She continued to receive an income from her lectures and publications even after she ceased her large-scale collecting activities. ***Flowers in the Snow*** provides a lively story of a privileged Scottish woman who had the means, time, and inclination to travel, observe, and collect in Greenland, Alaska, and the Canadian Arctic. Her accounts of a disappearing way of life in the North, ably woven by the author into her narrative, make enjoyable, worthwhile, and often entertaining reading.

Isobel Hutchison's positive attitude enabled her to deal with difficult people and put up with uncomfortable modes of transportation and sleeping arrangements. Her clothing, manners, and cultivated accent contributed to her being regarded as a lady, and being a lady allowed her to avoid close relationships. Working on her travel writing or planning another trip served as escape mechanisms from personal involvement with men. She remained in touch with many acquaintances but distanced herself from everyone but her sisters and Medina Lewis, a college friend.

On the personal level this biography omits more than it reveals. The author was fortunate to have access to ample archival and published material for her research and this ought to have led to a more rounded biography. Unfortunately, Gwyneth Hoyle seems to accept at face value Isobel's version of colonial and personal relationships. Was the Danish colonial rule in Greenland really benevolent? Did Isobel regard the attractive Gus Masik simply as a friend or brother? While the reader does not need to know everything about the subject of a biography, I expected to see a more nuanced interpretation of Isobel beyond details of her travel adventures, seeing that the book's subtitle promised "The Life of Isobel Wylie Hutchison."

Reviewed by **Marianne Gosztonyi Ainley**, a historian of science, editor of *Despite the Odds: Essays on Canadian Women and Science*, and author of *Restless Energy: A Biography of William Rowan, 1891–1957*.



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Booknotes

Early European explorers of Canada's North wanted not so much to come to it but to pass through it. Their mission was to find the Northwest Passage (*the* passage, not *a* passage – the article showed their definite belief!) It would lead, they thought, as the title of a recent book suggests, to *Silk, Spices and Glory*. Nine short chapters sketch the escapades of Arctic adventurers from Frobisher to Amundsen. Unfortunately, the dramatic dialogue is laughably stilted: "'Can we sleep aboard, Sir?' asked one of them hopefully. 'It would save us the trek back and forth, and most certainly relieve us from the night howls and lamentations of the sick.'" Or "The officer mentioned conversationally that the *Isabella* had once been skippered by Captain John Ross. Ross nodded, 'I am he.' 'Ross? No, no,' the sailor scoffed. 'The man of whom I speak has been lost and is dead for at least two years.'"

A much better book, wider in scope, is *A Fabulous Kingdom*. In fewer than 200 pages it surveys the Arctic, first its geography and weather, then the full historical sweep of European attempts at exploration. From ancient Greeks to modern environmentalists, all the famous names are here, Cabot and Hudson, Parry and Franklin, Cook and Bird. And how fallible many were: Frobisher with his fool's gold, or Maury in his conviction, based on bird migration, of an open polar sea. So eager were Peary, Cook, and Bird to reach the North Pole, they each lied about doing so. Accompanying the tales are clear maps and archival photographs making this a book to read and to keep. It is a well-paced historical narrative and almost an encyclopedia of Arctic facts.

In Order to Live Untroubled tells of the North from an entirely different perspective. It is a history of the "Inuit and their Thule forebears before they lost control of their own decision-making processes." Its focus is the area now call Nunavut, excluding Copper Inuit territories. Assembling evidence from a wide range of disciplines, Renée Fossett shows how much is known about their past, about the evolution of their culture, and their strategies for survival. She offers an entirely fresh look at Inuit history and at the evidence that explains how and why they lost control. Old assumptions about their engaging in war, their attitudes toward strangers, and their social structure and world view are challenged. Here is no Nanook of the North. And one chapter epigraph offers a lesson for any *Beaver* reader: "We are always ready to listen to those who gain their knowledge from the experience of dead generations. And all the old myths we got from our forefathers are dead men's talk. In these speak those who long ago were wise. We, who think we know so little ourselves, listen eagerly to them."

Henry Hudson found no northwest passage to the Orient, but his voyage opened a water route to trade with natives of western North America – hence Hudson's Bay Company (mistitled, by the way, in *A Fabulous Kingdom*). In the 1680s, at the confluence of the Hayes and Nelson rivers, a permanent meeting place was established. In time Europeans were wintering at Fort York – later York Factory – exchanging goods with "trading Indians." British ships came during each summer's short window of opportunity for navigation of the bay. In 1754 Anthony Henday became the first HBC employee to "winter over" with the Indians themselves, adapting to their ways and discovering their needs, and learning as well the methods of the French competition. His daily journal is almost a bible for fur-trade historians. But like the Bible, there is more than one version. *A Year Inland* publishes all four copies – none is the original, all were created at different times by HBC clerk Henry Graham who shaped them to his own purposes. Like the Bible, the various versions disagree. On March 8, 1755, for example, one tells of fine weather and of Henday's learning to use bows and arrows, while another reports snow and freezing weather and a day spent repairing snowshoes. Also, like the Bible, interpreting the journal entries has led to strong differences of opinion. One historian presents a dramatic scene, the day Henday came to the place where he could see the "Shining" (Rocky) Mountains, but his journal entry makes no reference to the event. Other historians, tracing Henday's supposed route, argue that he could not have seen the mountains – he was many miles away. With the journals are editor Barbara Belyea's three explanatory essays, all clear, concise, and quite fascinating.

A splendid book – in design and artistic illustration as well as content – is *In Search of the Western Sea*, selections of an explorer's journals. In 1731 Pierre Gaultier de Varennes et de La Vérendrye set out in search of a route to the riches of the Orient. From Quebec he went by river westward, looking for the great sea that speculative maps showed as covering much of the continent and offering a passage to the Pacific Ocean. Over two decades of exploration, La Vérendrye made contact with native nations, established trading forts, experienced hardships and – to his greatest disappointment – found no sea. The book is a pleasant read, an heroic, essentially noncritical telling of a story. Both the journal entries and accompanying interpretive text are published in French and English.

Neatly edited by Jean Murray Cole, *This Blessed Wilderness* contains not journals but letters. Archibald

Books Cited

- *Silk, Spices and Glory: In Search of the Northwest Passage*
  By M.A. Macpherson. Fifth House, 2001. $15.95 paper.
- *A Fabulous Kingdom: The Exploration of the Arctic*
  By Charles Officer and Jake Page. Oxford University Press, 2001. $34.95 hardcover.
- *In Order to Live Untroubled: Inuit of the Central Arctic 1550 to 1940*
  By Renée Fossett. University of Manitoba Press, 2001. $55.00 hardcover, $24.95 paper.
- *A Year Inland: The Journal of a Hudson's Bay Company Winterer*
  Edited by Barbara Belyea. Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2001. $44.95 hardcover.
- *In Search of the Western Sea: Selected Journals of La Vérendrye*
  Edited by Denis Combet. Great Plains Publications, 2001. $45.00 hardcover.
- *This Blessed Wilderness: Archibald McDonald's Letters from the Columbia, 1822–1844*
  Edited by Jean Murray Cole. UBC Press, 2001. $75.00 hardcover, $24.95 paper.

McDonald, a Hudson's Bay Company employee, was sent in 1821, shortly after the merger with the North West Company, to work "west of the mountains," to British Columbia. He married, "according to the custom," the daughter of a fur trader and his Métis wife, and had a large family. His letters tell of encounters with caterpillars, American missionaries, murderous natives, and vagaries of weather. McDonald also maintained a friendship by correspondence with Edward Ermatinger in St. Thomas, Upper Canada, a link to the "civilized world." Here is a volume that puts a human face on the HBC.

More Books Worth Noting

- *Family of Volunteers: An Illustrated History of the 48th Highlanders of Canada*
  By George W. Beal. Robin Brass Studio, 2001. $29.95 paper.
  Toronto Scots formed a volunteer militia regiment – complete with crest, motto and tartan – in 1891. Through service in two wars and peacekeeping duties – and the addition of men with names like Kwok and Ibrahim – it continues to flourish.

- *Forgotten Places in the North*
  By S. R. Gage. Mosaic Press, 2001. $18.00 paper.
  Three heritage structures, now abandoned having lost their initial purposes – fur trade, York Factory; whaling, Hershel Island; and air defence, the Mid-Canada Line. The text descriptions are very well done; unfortunately, there are few photographs.

- *From Rupert's Land to Canada: Essays in Honour of John E. Foster*
  Edited by Theodore Binnema, Gerhard J. Ens, and R.C. Macleod. University of Alberta Press, 2001. $34.95 paper.
  A *festschrift* by admiring academics – newly written essays on fur-trade marriage, the Métis, Iroquois migration, and other issues.

- *HMCS Haida: Battle Ensign Flying*
  By Barry M. Gough. Vanwell Publishing, 2001. $50.00 hardcover.
  Meticulous research of Wilfrid Laurier University historian Barry Gough tells the proud story of the last survivor of the tribal-class destroyers. All the details are here – her building, her wartime career, the heroism of her crew, and her ultimate decommissioning.

- *Jessie Luther at the Grenfell Mission*
  Edited by Ronald Rompkey. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001. $44.95 hardcover.
  Active in the arts and crafts movement, Jessie Luther so admired Dr. Wilfred Grenfell that she spent several summers as an occupational therapist at his Labrador mission.

- *Long Night's Journey Into Day: Prisoners of War in Hong Kong and Japan, 1941–1945*
  By Charles G. Roland. Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2001. $28.95 paper.
  The dark and disturbing chronicle of the experiences of Allied prisoners – especially, but not exclusively, 1,900 Canadians – carefully compiled by a medical historian.

- *Lost Land of Moses: The Age of Discovery on New Brunswick's Salmon Rivers*
  By Peter Thomas. Goose Lane Editions, 2001. $19.95 paper.
  As nineteenth-century Brits and Yanks discovered in New Brunswick the joys of angling for salmon (locals used nets and pitchforks), many of them wrote about it – author/historian Thomas writes about their writings.

- *Luther H. Holton: A Founding Canadian Entrepreneur*
  By Henry C. Klassen. University of Calgary Press, 2001. $24.95 paper.
  In the second half of the nineteenth century, Canadians experienced two transformations, Confederation and transportation. Holton was centrally involved in (and did very well by) both.

- *Margaret Addison: A Biography*
  By Jean O'Grady. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2001, $49.95 hardcover.
  The biography of a Canadian forerunner, the first woman to hold a major post in higher education, who clung to her convictions: women are uniquely different from men, education must improve morality, and Christianity provides the essential context for life.

- *Moose Pastures and Mergers: The Ontario Securities Commission and the Regulation of Share Markets in Canada. 1940–1980*
  By Christopher Armstrong. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $60.00 hardcover.
  The story of how the regulators tried to balance the demands of investor protection against the desire for profit.

- *Niagara Rebels: The Niagara Frontier in the Upper Canada Rebellion 1837–1838*
  By Colin K. Duquemin. Norman Enterprises, 2001. (56 Highland Ave., St. Catharines, ON L2R 4J1). $21.95 paper.
  Canadian exiles and American supporters invaded the Niagara Peninsula in the aftermath of the 1837 Rebellion; the full story of the Short Hills raid and what happened to the captured rebels.

- *Photographing Canada from Flying Canoes*
  By S. Bernard Shaw. General Store Publishing House, 2001. $34.95 paper.
  A chronicle of Canadian aerial photography – the pilots, the planes, the pictures – from 1919 to 1940.

- *Religion and Public Life in Canada: Historical and Comparative Perspectives*
  Edited by Marguerite Van Die. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $50.00 hardcover; $24.95 paper.
  Some nineteen scholars review the past century-and-a-half and collectively demonstrate that religion played and continues to play a significant role in Canadian public life.

- *The Remarkable Years: Canadians Remember the Twentieth Century*
  By Enid Mallory. Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 2001. $45.00 hardcover.
  A mosaic of personal memories – hundreds and hundreds of them – compiled to capture ordinary life in Canada over the course of the last hundred years.

- *Warships of the Great Lakes 1754–1834*
  By Robert Malcomson. Naval Institute Press (Canadian distributor: Vanwell Publishing), 2001. U.S.$45.00 hardcover.
  An almost encyclopedic volume of descriptions, plans, pictures, and accounts of the freshwater navies of the British, French, and Americans – an admiral piece of work!

- *We Are the Dead* By Larry Gray. General Store Publishing House, 2000. $29.95 paper.
  Starting with forty-six names on the Carleton Place, Ontario memorial cenotaph, listing simply initial and name ("W. Fraser"), the author resolved to discover their full identities and record their life and death stories.

- *Writing on Ice: The Ethnographic Notebooks of Vilhjalmur Stefansson*
  Edited and Introduction by Gísli Pálsson. University Press of New England, 2001. $54.00 hardcover.
  The careful work of Stefansson as anthropologist (rather than as explorer) provides details of Inuit life and also discloses previously unrevealed personal facts about his Inuit family.

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"The Governor General's Award was a lifetime experience." – Ken MacDonald, Albert Bridge, Nova Scotia

Teachers Honoured in Ottawa

Fifteen teachers, the finalists in the **2001 Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History**, were in Ottawa, October 12–14, for a weekend celebrating their exceptional work teaching Canadian history in the classrooms of the nation (see details below).

Canada's National History Society established the Governor General's Award in 1996 to recognize the best history teachers in the country. Since its inception, it has been faithfully supported by the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation, Bell Canada**, and **Investors Group**.

Further information on the program, including the nomination procedure and requirements, is available on our website, <www.historysociety.ca>.

Recipient

Mel Greif (Humberside Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario) engages his students in field trips, Confederation debates, simulations, an 1812 picnic, and murder mysteries based on local historic sites. Students undertake independent research projects that enrich the class and school. The absence of female role models in history classrooms instigated the study of women in Canadian history; now a school corridor is devoted to them. Students work as archivists and as history mentors/tutors in the school library.

Finalists

Richard Beardsley (H.J. Cambie Secondary School, Richmond, British Columbia) uses case studies, fieldwork, and simulations to motivate his students. In one unit students conduct a critical analysis of the internment of Japanese Canadians during World War II. They study primary documents, analyze bias in historical interpretation, and simulate a parliamentary committee to assess the actions of the Canadian government. Through research and critical thinking, students gain an understanding of historical events and government.

Jan Beaver (Forest Valley School Outdoor Education Centre Toronto, Ontario) is a skilled author and storyteller committed to raising awareness of aboriginal history and culture, and to equity and antiracist education. Jan creates a classroom environment that is inclusive, respectful, and supportive. She has written an award-winning curriculum document called *Aboriginal Voices – Then and Now*. She develops and teaches workshops for classes ranging from kindergarten to grade 12 and has taught history to other educators and teachers in training.

Yolande Amyot, Isabelle Paquet, and **Paul-André Boudreau** (École secondaire Beaulieu, St-Jean-sur-Richelieu, Quebec) have created the project Exposition de sciences humaines. Students form groups and select a historical topic that they research for six months. The process is broken into seven steps and culminates in the creation of an exhibit that features their findings. Students dress in appropriate costume, create an atmosphere that is typical of the period, and present their project to visitors. This year, Exposition de sciences humaines boasted fifty-four kiosks.

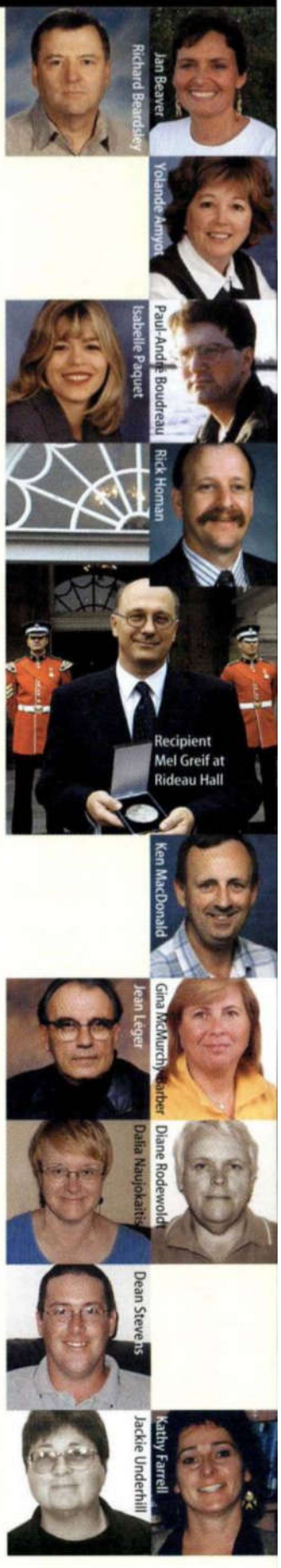
Rick Homan (Lethbridge Collegiate Institute, Lethbridge, Alberta) challenges his students to excel and reach out into the community. In his election unit, students research the platforms of local electoral candidates; they organize public all-party meetings, prepare questions, and create debriefing documents on the candidates' positions. Rick encourages his students to think critically and helps them improve their writing skills. This holistic approach has nurtured well-informed, concerned, literate citizens.

Jean Léger (Polyvalente Deux-Montagnes, Deux-Montagnes, Quebec) renders Canadian history more appealing and accessible through information technologies. He created "Jeu-questionnaire Nouvelle-France /Canada" – an online history quiz. His students consistently perform well in the Concours histoires croisées. They produce creative Internet projects such as "Opération Juno," an adventure story of soldiers debarking at Normandy, and "Index spatio-temporel canadien," a website of Internet addresses and Canadian history sites.

Ken MacDonald's students (Riverside Elementary School, Albert Bridge, Nova Scotia) live and breathe the history of eighteenth-century Louisbourg. This local historic site is integrated into language arts, health, geography, music, and social studies. Students explore class differences between the local French and Micmac, and compare daily life in Louisbourg with today. Students also created a computer-based presentation on Jost House, a historical building in downtown Sydney, which Heritage Fair staff requested to use in their permanent display.

Gina McMurchy-Barber (Montessori Community Schools, Vancouver, British Columbia) instills a love of Canadian history in her students through experiential learning. Through interviews, pen pals, songs, cooking, presentations, and field trips, they learn about topics as diverse as the Canadian parliamentary system, the Gold Rush, Quebec, the Great Depression, archaeology, human rights and First Nations peoples. Gina writes plays that allow her students to inhabit the past and weaves Canadian history into science, writing, literature, art, and music.

Dalia Naujokaitis (St. Elizabeth School, Ottawa,



Canada's National History Society

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Ontario) has pioneered an Internet-based curriculum in which students investigate local, national, and international issues, community histories, and cultural differences. The projects, which they publish on the Web, allow students to become proficient in research, writing, and information technology. They have created more than a dozen educational websites; some have been recognized by SchoolNet, Cyberfair, Childnet International, and the International Society for Technology in Education.

Diane Rodewoldt (Princeton Secondary School, Princeton, British Columbia) creates a classroom in which assignments are varied and call upon different skills. Her students investigate the effects of history on geography. They have begun an archaeological dig and the findings are shared and interpreted. Guest speakers discuss artifacts and initiate discussion about the history of First Nations, oral tradition, land claims, and access to natural resources. Other units delve into citizenship, government, statistics, and current events.

Dean Stevens (St. Anne School, Fort McMurray, Alberta) encourages his grade 7 and 8 students to make connections between historical and current events. His class organized a historical festival that involved researching and role-playing famous Canadian or local figures. Using costumes, props, and a modest set, they presented their characters to the school and community. Students also create historical parliamentary scrolls and a colonial newspaper that includes articles, political cartoons, and interviews reflecting life in Upper or Lower Canada.

Jackie Underhill and **Kathy Farrell** (S. Bruce Smith School, Edmonton, Alberta) have designed their course to make Canadian history meaningful. By incorporating models, political cartoons, history board games, novel study, historical newspaper creation, debates and the Internet, their grade 7–9 students become engaged in their studies. The activities accommodate a wide range of student abilities and learning styles. Students are expected to demonstrate a high degree of interpretation, analysis, and synthesis in all elements of the unit.

Berton Award goes to CBC / Radio Canada

Pierre Berton, one of Canada's most respected writers, presented the **2001 Pierre Berton Award** to CBC / Radio Canada for *Canada: A People's History*, the epic seventeen-part television series that attracted millions of viewers per episode. The award consists of a cash prize of $5,000, a medal, and a framed certificate.

Mr. Berton presented the award to **Harold Redekopp**, executive vice-president, English television, who announced that the CBC would use the cash prize toward providing "the entire history series and its related teaching material to several dozen schools in the North, a number of special learning facilities for physically impaired students, and all schools for the deaf in Canada."

Canada's National History Society established the Pierre Berton Award in 1994 to recognize "distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian

continued on page 55

Museum Profile

The Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies
Box 160, 111 Bear Street,
Banff, AL T1L 1A3
For information contact:
Telephone: (403) 762-2291
Fax: (403) 762-8919
E-mail: <info@whyte.org>
Website: www.whyte.org

The Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, located in Banff National Park, a world heritage site, is a thriving institution whose collections and financial foundation were secured in the 1950s by two Canadian visual artists. From the 1930s to the 1960s Peter and Catharine Whyte's log home on the banks of the Bow River in Banff was host to a formidable guest list, including such Canadian artists as J.E.H. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, and A.Y. Jackson. Now, our modern facilities and curatorial staff continue to foster and acquire new works, historical collections, and artifacts related to the human history of this region.

The Whyte Museum has celebrated over a quarter century delivering a unique range of offerings on the mountain culture of the Canadian Rockies. Included are dynamic exhibitions drawn from the museum's fine art and heritage collections, the archives' rich documentary resources, interpretive tours of built heritage collections, and active public and school participation in creative education programs.

The archives' and library's current holdings include textual records of approximately 3 million items, 500,000 photographs, 1,000 motion pictures, 900 sound recordings, and over 20,000 volumes of publications plus newspapers. The art collection has over 4,000 works. The heritage collection includes artifacts, two log homes, and four log cabins.

Forthcoming exhibitions include Wildflowers, from May to September 2002, and Glaciers: Legacy in Ice, from May to September 2003. Permanent exhibitions include: Artists of the Rockies and High Country Heritage.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

The Decline of the Back Bench

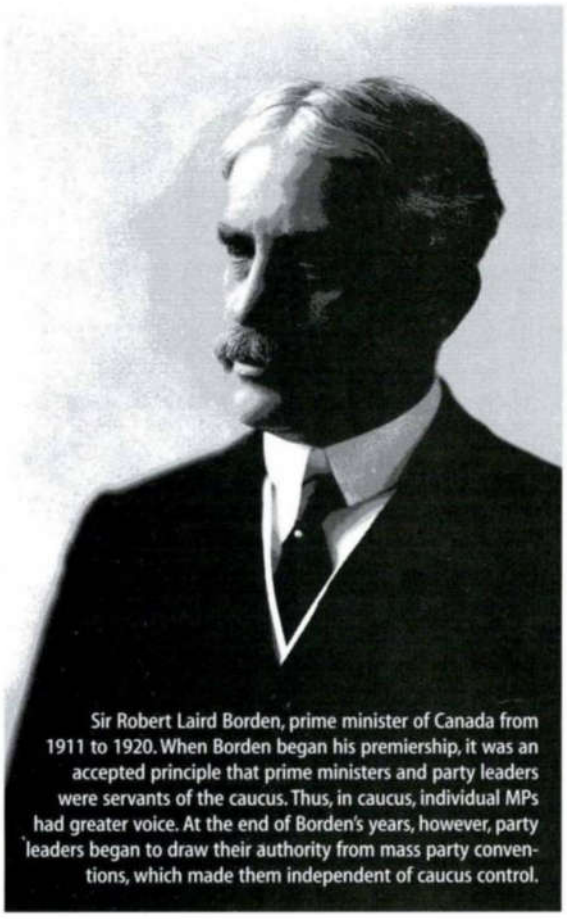
"In this new democracy, in this Canada of ours, there must be room in the party to which I belong for independent spirit and independent thought. I must be permitted to exercise the intelligence that Providence gave me."

These defiant words from a future prime minister of Canada come from Hansard, but it is not Jean Chrétien talking. The words and the idea come down to us from a back-bench MP addressing the House of Commons just before the First World War.

We no longer expect conviction or persuasive power or even wit in parliamentary deliberations. Today, not even MPs attend debates. There has not been a great or memorable or even influential speech in the Canadian House of Commons in our lifetimes. Yet recently, browsing in black-bound volumes of *Parliamentary Debates* from the early twentieth century, I made a startling discovery: they were fascinating.

A debate from the spring of 1914 hints at why the House of Commons once mattered. That spring, the Canadian Northern Railway project of upstart millionaires William Mackenzie and Donald Mann was desperate for a subsidy. If the railroad collapsed, it would topple banks and destroy Canadian credit in the financial markets. Conservative prime minister Robert Borden and Solicitor General Arthur Meighen (later his successor as prime minister) took a bailout package to Parliament.

But another future Conservative prime minister, R.B. Bennett, was one of Borden's backbenchers in 1914, and Bennett opposed the subsidy plan. So did another Tory, the Kingston gadfly William Nickle (who would never be prime minister, but would later launch the backbench initiative that did away with titles in Canada). During the railroad debate, Bennett and Nickle broke with their own party. "This government should pause before we are committed to an enterprise involving $300 million," Bennett told the House and his own fuming leader.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA - 022128

Sir Robert Laird Borden, prime minister of Canada from 1911 to 1920. When Borden began his premiership, it was an accepted principle that prime ministers and party leaders were servants of the caucus. Thus, in caucus, individual MPs had greater voice. At the end of Borden's years, however, party leaders began to draw their authority from mass party conventions, which made them independent of caucus control.

What makes the debate dramatic reading – and packed the House back then – was the possibility that Bennett and Nickle might succeed. There on the floor of the House, it seemed suddenly possible that the dissident backbenchers could wean away enough fellow Conservatives to force their own government to change or abandon a bill of fundamental importance.

They didn't. Fellow MPs knew that Bennett, as lawyer to the mighty CPR, had private motives for opposing its new rival, and they mostly stood by their leader. Borden's subsidy bill went through.

Yet such dramatic moments of backbench influence were common in early twentieth-century Parliaments. In 1912, a bloc of Conservative MPs had loudly opposed Borden's naval policy. In 1918–19, William Nickle convinced backbenchers to force upon a hesitant government the abolition of titles in Canada.

It was not that party loyalties were weaker then. Bennett, a firm believer in party government, declared, "I have always

believed that under democracy as it now exists the interests of the people can best be safeguarded by party government."

But Bennett continued with the declaration I quoted at the top of this column. And William Nickle weighed in: "I am not willing to admit that it is necessary to the solidarity of party government that the crack of the party whip should be so loud and its sting so sharp that individual responsibility should be absolutely abrogated."

Here Bennett and Nickle speak directly to twenty-first-century Canadian political life. Today all parties do crack the whip as loudly and sharply as Nickle feared. Individual MPs have not spoken or voted their own convictions for generations. Their votes are dictated to them in advance – and Parliament has degenerated into a tedious time-waster.

Because every member of the Commons had the power to defy or even unseat a leader, every issue was potentially crucial.

Why did Parliament once operate so differently? We might consider an earlier episode in Robert Borden's career.

In 1910, a year before he became prime minister, Borden had been in trouble. After ten years as opposition leader, he seemed dull, arrogant, a constant loser. Under him, the Tories felt doomed. A Dump-Borden movement surged up – ancestor to the Dump-Chrétien, Dump-Day movements of today.

In 1910, such challenges did fester unresolved for years at a time. Borden had to face his critics at once – in caucus. He offered his resignation and challenged his critics to put someone up against him. But when each side surveyed the party membership across the country, MPs found a wave of support for Borden coming from their ridings and organizers back home. The challengers got the message and backed down. Borden remained leader, and in a year he was prime minister.

Borden had won, but he had acknowledged a fundamental rule, still understood in every parliamentary democracy in the world except Canada. As party leader, Borden, as much as any backbencher, was the servant of the caucus – which is why individual MPs often felt free to try to sway the caucus as a whole, even against Borden's leadership. Those were the rules Bennett and Nickle played by in the railroad debate. Even as prime minister, their leader answered to caucus, not the other way round. Because every member of the Commons had the power to defy or even unseat a leader, every issue was potentially crucial. Parliament could be worth listening to, when even a prime minister had to listen.

At the end of Borden's years, however, a new idea took hold. Canada became – and remains – the only country in the parliamentary world where party leaders get their authority exclusively from an extra-parliamentary process, the mass party convention. MPs soon came to accept that leaders were independent of them, and leaders from Mackenzie King to Stockwell Day realized they could treat their MPs as cattle.

The liveliness went out of Parliament almost at once, and it's easy to see why. MPs who could not challenge leaders had nothing to say and could no longer represent anyone. They became merely so many tally-sticks that the leaders tossed in when a vote was taken.

Today, laments about the power of party leaders and the failure of Parliament are the common coin of Canadian political discussion. But the remedies proposed never dare to address the relationship of leaders to backbenchers. (The most bizarre proposal, perhaps, is the now-faddish proportional representation, the point of which is to render MPs *even more* subservient to party dictates.)

In a country with little respect for its history, it's hard to imagine pundits and political scientists being interested in comparisons with 1914. But perhaps some MPs with a longer perspective might one day begin to wonder if the last eighty-odd years of leader-caucus relations have been an unfortunate aberration. Will we ever again see backbenchers ready to "exercise the intelligence that Providence gave them?" 🍁

The Society *continued*

history." Pierre Berton, the first recipient, graciously agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years. Other recipients include the late James H. Gray, Jacques Lacoursiere, the CRB Foundation, Bob Johnstone, and Peter C. Newman.

For more information on the award, visit the Society's website at <www.historysociety.ca>. Nominations for the 2002 Berton Award close May 24, 2002.

Giving the Future a Past

The Pierre Berton award presentation took place at a gala dinner in Winnipeg that was part of **Giving the Future a Past**, a conference on teaching, learning, and communicating history aimed specifically, but not exclusively, at history teachers. Some 700 delegates attended.

The conference was organized by the Association for Canadian Studies, Montreal, in partnership with other organizations, including Canada's National History Society. The event also included the launch of *In Search of the Western Sea: Selected Journals of La Vérendrye*, a book honouring the eightieth anniversary of the Winnipeg Foundation, Canada's first community foundation.

Subscribers Enjoy Special Events

A near-capacity crowd of 170 *Beaver* subscribers and guests paid to attend the Society's special event dinner in Toronto, on November 15 at the Royal York Hotel. The program included guest speaker, Mark Starowicz, executive producer of the epic CBC television series *Canada: A People's History*. This is the second such event the Society has arranged for *Beaver* subscribers; the inaugural dinner took place in Winnipeg in June 2001. A third dinner, for Vancouver subscribers, took place January 30, 2002, where Mr. Starowicz was again guest speaker.

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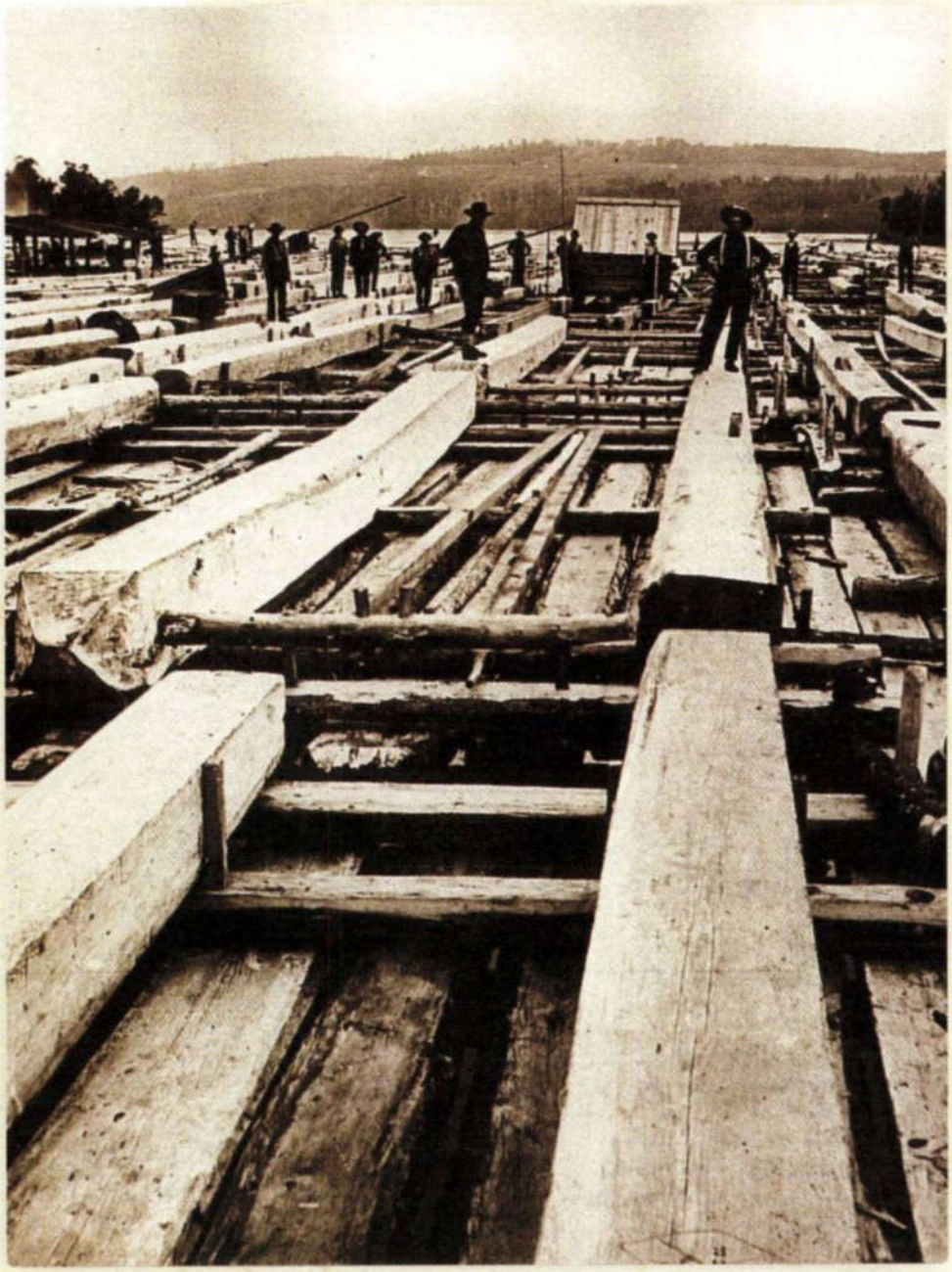
Album

Gordon O'Reilly, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the grandson of A. B. Gordon. He lives in Oakville, Ontario.



Log Drive Alexander B. Gordon was a successful Toronto businessman in the first half of the twentieth century, president or vice-president of a number of companies, a communicant with the Rosedale Presbyterian Church, a member of the Granite Club and several golf clubs. When he died in 1948, this picture, which had hung framed on the wall of his office for years, passed to his daughter, then to his grandson. Perhaps its composition was its appeal: a study in parallel lines, perspective, and focal point. Or perhaps it was a reminder of the source of his family's wealth: the white pine of Ontario. Or perhaps both.

In the nineteenth century, Ottawa Valley timber found its way to the world this way: on log cribs. Pine would be cut down by hand using axes and crosscut saws; after the limbs were removed, the trees would be squared with broad axes, then dragged from the bush by horses and oxen to the river's edge. From there, the squared timbers were loaded onto cribs and fastened down. Hundreds of cribs would be tied together into enormous wood rafts measuring thousands of metres, then floated down the Ottawa River to Quebec City where they would be loaded on ships bound for England. The river trip might take two months and the rafts became hearth and home to the workers who shepherded them along. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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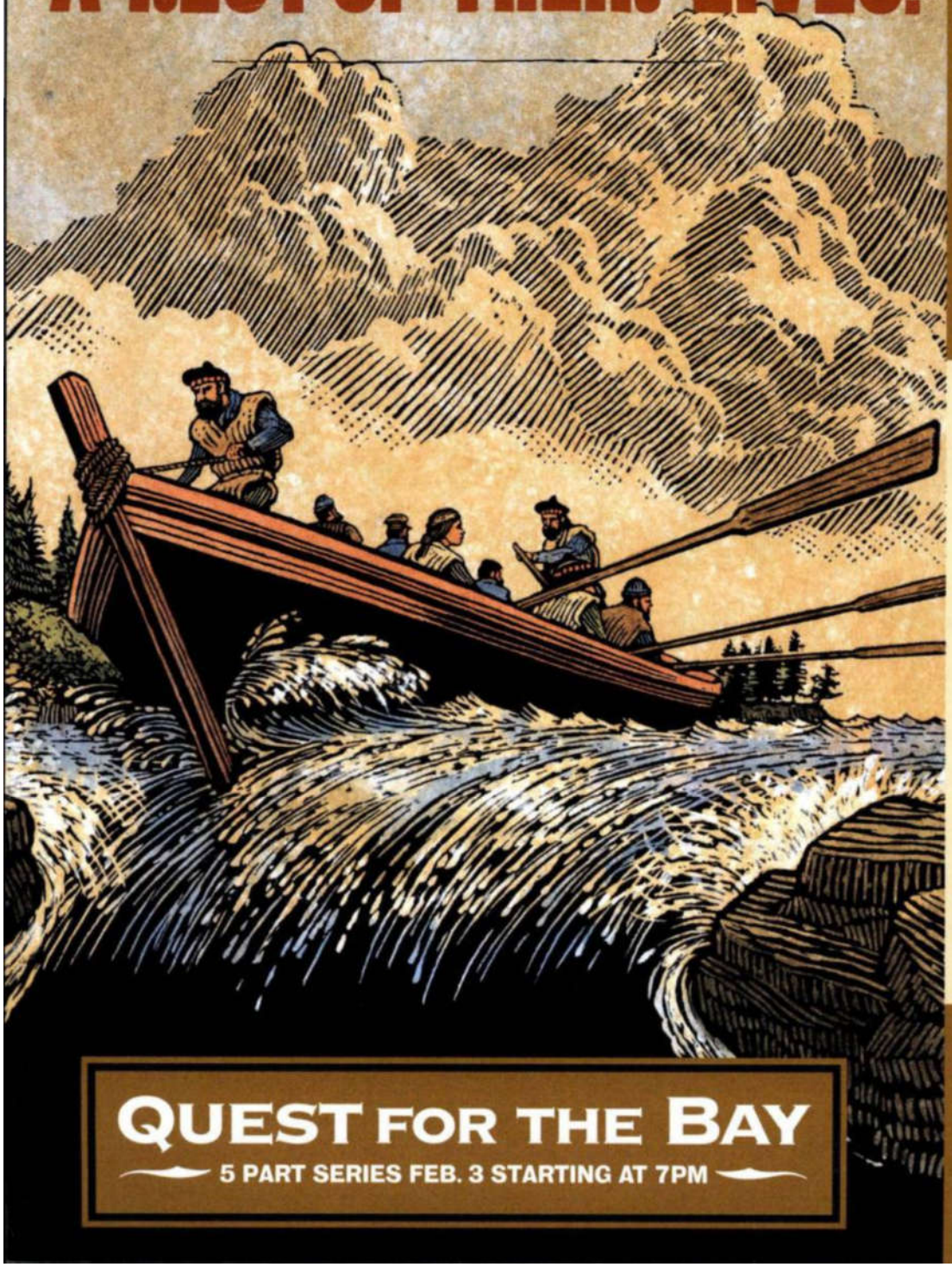
THIS MOMENT

FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.

Assuming they have

A REST OF THEIR LIVES.



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7:00 AM	TURNING POINTS					CANADIAN HISTORY *(Wednesday 9pm)*	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM							
8:00 AM	ODYSSEYS					HISTORYLANDS	HISTORYLANDS
8:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY SERIES					PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
9:30 AM						PAID PROGRAMMING	PAID PROGRAMMING
10:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	HISTORYLANDS						
11:00 AM	TURNING POINTS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOCUMENTARY SERIES *(Non-War)*	WAR STORIES
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	FASHION QUEST						
4:30 PM	HISTORY BITES						
5:00 PM	COMBAT					HISTORY OF WAR *(Thursday 10pm Documentary)*	DOCUMENTARY SERIES —WAR
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					LEGENDS OF THE ISLES	LEGENDS OF THE ISLES
6:30 PM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES					ODYSSEYS	ODYSSEYS
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					WOMEN ADVENTURERS	DISASTERS
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	TURNING POINTS					THE ROYAL HOUR	SECRETS OF THE DEAD *8 weeks*
8:30 PM							SEA HUNTERS — *5 weeks*
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	THE UNTOUCHABLES *(new colour series)*						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	THE UNTOUCHABLES *(new colour series)*						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					WOMEN ADVENTURERS	DISASTERS
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					WESTERN MATINEE	SECRETS OF THE DEAD *(then Sea Hunters)*
4:30 AM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES						
5:00 AM			PAID PROGRAMMING				LEGENDS OF THE ISLES
5:30 AM			PAID PROGRAMMING				ODYSSEYS
6:00 AM	COMBAT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Programming to change as of March 31, 2002.